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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Chronicle of the First Thirteen Years of the Reign of King Edward the Fourth.* By John Warkworth, D.D. Edited, from the MS. now in the Library of St. Peter's College, by J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 106. London, 1839. Printed for the Camden Society.

THIS *Chronicle* richly deserves its place among the historical tracts revived by the Camden Society. Though it has been referred to and consulted by several of our national historians, the doubts and darkness which hang over the period upon which it sheds its light render it peculiarly desirable to have the whole before us; for, as Sir H. Ellis justly remarks in his "Original Letters" (Second Series), this portion of the reign of Edward, "though removed from us scarcely more than three centuries, is still among the darkest on our annals. Its records are confused, mutilated, and disjointed. They who wrote history in it had no talents for the task: and there was a ferocity abroad among the partisans of both the rival houses, which prevented many from even assembling the materials of history."

And Mr. Halliwell as justly adds:—

"The paucity of documents illustrating this period has, indeed, long been a matter of regret. To meet with one, then, so minute in particulars, abounding in new facts, and of indisputable authenticity, cannot but be a matter of congratulation to the historian."

A preceding volume gave us a Yorkist account of Edward's landing at Ravenspur, and march to York and London; and this Lancastrian view embraces not only that event, but all the previous and subsequent circumstances of the horrible struggle, the mutual reverses and triumphs, the murders, executions, and slaughters, which wasted this unhappy realm during these thirteen miserable years. The editor, after quoting various records and writings, seems to lean to the belief that Henry VI. was slain in the Tower on the night that Edward entered London, viz. 21st May, and that Richard, duke of Gloucester, was a party to the deed:—

"Here is (he tells us) to knowe that Kyng Edward made oute comyssyons to many schyres of Englonde; whiche in a x. dayes ther came to hym, where he was, to the nowmber of xxx. m<sup>l</sup>., and came with the Kyng to Londone, and ther he was worshipfully receyved. And the same nyghte that Kyng Edward came to Londone, Kyng Herry, beyng invarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe, the xxj. day of Maj, on a tywesday nyght, betwix xj. and xij. of the cloke, beyng thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucester, brothere to Kyng Edward, and many other; and one the morwe he was cheystide and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every manne myghte see hym; and in hys lyyng he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was brought, and ther he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchsey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chappelle."

At any rate such was the popular opinion:

and, of course, it lost no force after the death of Richard, and the succession of the rival race to the throne. But we turn to our present authority:—

"The MS. which contains the *Chronicle* now printed consists of a folio volume of 225 leaves of vellum, the last being pasted to the cover, and written not long after the last-mentioned event, A.D. 1473. Leland errs in saying that the MS. is in Warkworth's handwriting, for it is evidently the work of a common scribe; we fortunately possess a note of presentation in Warkworth's autograph, and the facsimile of this, with a specimen of the scribe's calligraphy, will be found at the commencement of the volume. The sentence with which Warkworth opens his memoranda is curious; it is probable that he had two copies of Caxton's 'Chronicle,' in one of which he had written his own continuation, beginning with the words 'at the coronacyone of the forseyde Edward,' and in the other, instead of making a second copy of the continuation, he simply made the reference 'as for alle thynges that folowe, referre them to my copley, in whyche is wretyn a remanente [or continuation] lyke to this forseyde werke' [i. e. written in the same manner as Caxton's 'Chronicle.'] The scribe who made the transcript of Caxton now preserved at Peterhouse, had been directed to refer from one manuscript to the other for the continuation, and in so doing he added Warkworth's note of reference by way of introduction to the new part, joining them together by means of the words, 'That is to wytt, that.'"

We pass to the tenth year of Edward, when, after subduing the insurrection in Lincolnshire under Lords Willowby and Wellys, and others, Lord Scars, the queen's brother, defeated the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick near Southampton, and forced them to flee for refuge to France: and we find here a singular proof how averse the popular feeling of the country has ever been to cruelty, seeing that even the horrors of these civil wars had not brutalised the people:—

"And after this (we are told) the Kyng Edward came to Southamptone, and commaundede the Erle of Worcestre to sitt and jure suche menne as were taken in the schyppes, and so xx. persones of gentylmen and yomenne were hangede, drawne, and quartered, and hedede; and after that thei hanged uppe by the leggs, and a stake made sharpe at bothe endes, whereof one ende was putt in att bottokys, and the other ende the hedges were putt uppe one; for the whiche the peple of the londe were gretely displeyd; and evere afterwarde the Erle of Worcestre was gretely behated emonge the peple, for ther dysordinate dethe that he used, contrarye to the lawe of the londe."

From France the Lancastrians speedily renewed their attempts, and the tables were turned upon Edward, who had a very narrow escape, as is well related in the following:—

"A lyttle before Michaelmesse, the Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke londe in the west countre, and gadered there a grette peple. The Lorde Markes Montagu had gaderyd vi. m<sup>l</sup> men, by Kyng Edwardes com-

mysyone and commaundement, to the entente to have recistede the seide Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwyke. Nevere the latter, the seide Markes Montagu hatyde the Kyng, and purposed to have taken hym; and whenne he was withen a myle of Kyng Edward, he declared to the people that was there gaderede with hym, how Kyng Edward hade fyrst yevyne to hym the erledome of Northumberlonde, and how he toke it from hym and gaff it Herry Percy, whos fadere was slayne at Yorke felde; and how of late tyme hade he made hym Markes of Montagu, and yaff a pyes neste to mayntene his astate with: wherefor he yaff knowlege to his peple that he wulde holde with the Erle of Warwyke, his brothere, and take Kyng Edward if he myght, and alle tho that wolde holde with hym. But anone one of the oste went oute from the fellowschippe, and tolde Kyng Edward alle manere of thyng, and bade hym avoide, for he was not stronge enoghe to gyff batayle to Markes Montagu; and then anone Kyng Edward haysted hym in alle that he myght to the towne of Lynne, and ther he toke schyppynge one Michaelmesse day, in the x. yere of his regne, with Lorde Hastynges, that was the Kynges Chamberleyn, Lorde Say, with dyverse other knyghtes and squyers, passed and saylede overe the see into Flaunders, to his brother-in-lawe the Duke of Burgeyne, for secoure and helpe, &c. Here is to knowe, that in the begynnyng of the moneth of Octobre, the yere of oure Lorde a m.cccc.lxx., the Bisshoppe of Wynchestere, be the assent of the Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke, went to the toure of Londone, where Kyng Herry was in presone by Kyng Edwardes commaundement, and there toke hyme from his keepers, whiche was not worshipfully arrayed as a prince, and not so clenly kepte as schuld seme suche a Prynce; thei hade hym oute, and newe arrayed hym, and dyde to hym grete reverens, and brought hym to the palyes of Westmynstre, and so he was restored to the crowne ageyne, and wrott in alle his lettres, wryttes, and other recordes, the yere of his regne, Anno regni Regis Henrici Sexti quadragesimo nono, et readempcionis sue regie potestatis primo. Whereof alle his goodde lovers were fulle gladd, and the more parte of peple."

The next and immediate turn of the wheel was Edward's\* landing, already mentioned, and the ascription of his victorious progress to the treachery of his brother Clarence; of whom the chronicler says, with some simplicity, at the conclusion:—

"Thenne toke he his way to Leycetre, where were the Erle of Warwyke and the Lord Markes his brother with iij. m<sup>l</sup> menne or moo. And Kyng Edward sent a messygere to them, that yf that wulde come oute, that he wulde feight withe them. But the Erle of Warwyke hade a letter from the Duke of Clarence, that he schulde not feight withe hym tyll he came hym self; and alle was to the destruction of the Erle of Warwyke, as it hapenede aftyrwarde. Yet so the Erle of War-

\* It is worth while to notice, on a much disputed point, that Dr. Warkworth states Edward, on this occasion, to have worn one *Edwyche foder* (not three ostrich feathers), the livery of the Prince of Wales. —Ed. L. G.

wyke kept stille the gates of the toun schet, and suffrede Kyng Edwarde passe towarde Londone; and a litlel out of Warwyke mett the Duke of Clarence with Kyng Edwarde, with vij. xl. men, and ther they were made acorde, and made a proclamacion forthewithe in Kyng Edwardes name; and so alle covandes of fydelite, made betwix the Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwyke, Quene Margarete, Prince Edwarde hir sonne, bothe in Englonde and in Fraunce, were clerly brokene and forsakene of the seide Duke of Clarence; whiche, in conclusion, was distruction bothe to hym and them: for perjury schall nevere have better ende, withoute grete grace of God. *Vide finem, &c.*"

Warkworth's version of the death of Prince Edward, at Tewksbury, does not countenance the Shaksperian drama. He says:—

"Edmund Duke of Somerset, and Sere Hugh Curtene, went oute of the felde, by the whiche the felde was broken; and the moste parte of the peple fledde awaye from the Prynce, by the whiche the felde was loste in hire party. And ther was slayne in the felde, Prynce Edward, whiche cryede for socoure to his brother-in-lawe the Duke of Clarence."

When King Edward, in after years, deposed the Archbishop of York, we have a curious and particular account of his proceedings:—

"George the Archebysshoppe of Yorke (we are informed), and brother to the Erle of Warwyke, was with the Kyng Edward at Wynsoure, and hunted, and hade there ryghte good cheere, and supposid he hade stonde in grete favour with the Kyng: for the Kyng seide to the sayde Archebysshoppe that he wuld come for to hunte and disporte with hym in his manere at Moore; whereof he was ryghte glade, and toke his leve and went home to make purvyance therfore; and fett oute of Londone, and dyverse other places, alle his plate and othere stuffe that he hade hyde after Barnet felde and Teukysbury felde; and also borowed more stuff of other menne, and purveyde for the Kyng for two or iij. dayes for mete and drynke and logynge, and arayed as ryche and as pleasantly as he coude. And the day afore the Kyng schulde have comyne to the Archebysshoppe, to the seid manere of Moore, whiche the seide Archebysshoppe hade purchasshed and bylled it ryghte comodously and pleasantly, the Kyng send a gentylman to the seide Archebysshoppe, and commaundyd him to come to Wyndsour to hym; and asone as he came he was arested and apched of hys treysone, that he schuld helpe the Erle of Oxenforde; and anone ryghte he was put to ward. And forthewithe Sere William of Parre, knyghte, and Thomas Vaghan, squyre, with othere many dyverse gentilmenn and yomen, were sent to the seide manere of Moore; and ther by the Kynges comavndement seysede the seid manere into the Kynges handes, and alle the good that was therein, whiche was worthe xx. xl. or more, and alle othere lordschippes and landes that the seid bysshoppe hade within Englonde, and alle his stuffe and rychesse within alle his lordschippes; and sent the same bysschoppe overe the see to Caleis, and from thens to the castelle of Hammys, and ther he was kepte prisoner many a day; and the Kyng alle that season took the prophete of the Archebysshoppespyche, &c. And anone after the Kyng brake the seyd Archebysshoppes mytere, in the whiche were fulle many ryche stones and preclouse, and made therof a croune for hym self. And alle his other juels, plate, and stuff, the Kyng

gaff it to his eldest sonne and heyre Prynce Edward: for the sayd Archebysshoppe hade be Chauncelere of Englonde many dayes, and he and his brotheres hade the reule of the lande, and hade gaderyde grete rychesse many yeres, whiche in one day was lost; and alle be the hys judgement of ryghtwisnes (as many manne seide be hym) for his grete covetousnes, and had no pyte of Kyng Harry menne, and was cause of many mannys undoyng for Kyng Edwardys sake, if he myghte gete any good by hym. Wherefore suche goodes as were gaderid with synne, were loste with sorwe. And also menne supposid for cause he was duble to Kyng Harry, and kepte hym in Londone, where he wulde a be at Westmynstere, he hade a lettere send from Kyng Edward to kepe hym oute of sanctuary, and he hade his chartere send hym; where he had be a trewe manne to Kyng Harry, as the comons of Londone were, Kyng Edward hade not comene into Londone afore Barnet felde, &c."

When the Earl of Oxford made a stand at St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, the chronicler relates, that the besiegers and besieged were wont to make short truces, and interchange friendly communications; upon which, he quaintly remarks, it "was the undoyng of the Erle. For ther is proverbe and a seynge, that a castelle that spekythe, and a womanne that wille here, thei wille be gotene both: for menne that bene in a castelle of warr, that wille speke and entrete with the enemyes, the conclusion therof [is] the losynge of the castelle; and a womanne that wille here foly spokyne unto hyre, if sche assent not at one tyme, sche wille at another. And so this proverbe was previede trewe by the seide Erle of Oxenforde."

To these historical extracts we shall add some passages which speak of portents and omens, and exhibit the superstitious feelings of the age:—

"And the viij. yere of the regne of Kyng Edward, a lytelle before Michaelmasse, there apperyde a blasynge sterre in the weste, a iij. fote hyghe by estymacyone, in evenynge, goynge fro the weste towarde the north, and so endured v. or vi. wekes. And the same yere Sere Thomas Hungerforde knyght, sonne to the Lorde Hungerforde, and Henry Curtene, the Erle of Devynschyre of right, were taken for treasoure and beheded at Salisbury."

Another phenomenon, a year and a half after, introduces us distinctly to that contract which most dangerously threatened the crown of Edward. The whole deserves quoting:—

"Whenne the seide Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke were in Fraunce, there appered a blasynge sterre in the weste, and the flame therof lyke a spere hede, the whiche dyverse of the Kynges house sawe it, whereof thei were fulle sore adrede. And thanne in Fraunce whenne the seide lordes where, thei toke there counsell what was beste for to do; and thei coude fynde no remedy but to sende to Quene Margaret, and to make a maryage betwix Prynce Edward, Kyng Harry sonne, and an other of the seid Erle of Warwikys daughters, whiche was concluded, and in Fraunce worshippfully wedded. And there it was apoyntede and acordede that Kyng Harry schuld rejoyse the kyngdome of Englonde ageyne, and regne as welle as he dyd before, and after hym hys Prynce Edward and his heyres of his body lawfully begotyne; and if it appenede that he deceysed withoute heyres of his body lawfully gotene, thenne schulde the kyngdome of Englonde, with the lord-

schyppes of Irlonde, remane unto George, the Duke of Clarence, and his heyre[s] for evere more. Also it was apoyntede and agreede that Herry Duke of Exceire, Edmund Duke of Somerset, brother to Herry that was slayne at Hexham felde, the Erle of Devynschyre called Courtnay, and alle othere knyghtes, squyers, and alle other that were putt oute and atayntede for Kynges Herry quarrelle, schulde come into Englonde ageyne, and every man to rejoyse his owne lyfode and inhabytauntes; whiche alle this poyntment aforeseide were wrytene, indentyde, and sealede, bytwixe the seide Quene Margaret, the Prynce hire sonne, in that one party, and the Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwik, one that othere party. And moreover, to make it sure, thei were sworne, and made grete othys eche to othere, wiche was done be alle Kynges of Fraunce counseile."

But next year, the eleventh of the king, there occurred a still more appalling sight, for "in the begynnyng of Januarij, there apperyd the moste marvelous blasynge sterre that hade bene seyne. It arose in the southe este, at ij. of the cloke at mydnyght, and so contynuede a xij. nyghtes; and it arose ester and ester, till it arose fulle este; and rather, and rather; and so whenne it roose playne est, it rose at x. of cloke in the nyght, and kept his cours flamynge westwarde overe Englonde; and it hade a white flume of fyre fervently breunynge, and it flammede endlonges fro the est to the weste, and nott upryght, and a grete hole therein, whereof the flume came oute. And aftre a vj. or vij. dayes, it arose north-east, and so bakkere and bakkere; and so endurd a xiiij. nyghtes, fulle lytelle chaungynge, goynge from the north-este to the weste, and some tyme it wulde seme aqueneched oute, and sodanly it brent fervently ageyne. And thenne it was at one tyme playne north, and thenne it compassed rounde aboute the lode-sterre, for in the evynynge the blase went ageyns the southe, and in the moornynge playne north, and thenne afterwarde west, and so more west, flamynge up ryghte; and so the sterre contynuede iij. wekes, tyll the xx. day of Feveryere; and whenne it appered yest in the fyrment, thenne it lasted alle the nyghte, somewhat discendynge with a grettere smoke one the heyre. And some menne seide that the blasynge of the seide sterre was of a myle length. And a xij. dayes afore the vanyschynge therof, it apperyd in the evynynge, and was downe anone within two oures, and eyer of a colour pale steadfast; and it kept his course rysynge west in the north, and so every nyght, it apperide lasse and lasse tyll it was as lytelle as a hesylle styke; and so at the laste it waneschede away the xx. day of Februarij. And some menne seide that this sterre was seene ij. or iij. oures afore the sunne rysynge in the Decembre, iij. days before Crystynmasse, in the south-west: so by that reason it compassed rounde aboute alle the erthe, alle way chaungynge his cours, as is afore rehersed."

But other remarkable and strange omens were not wanting, and the annexed history of some of them is full of interest as a picture of the times:—

"In xij. yere of Kyng Edward, ther was a gret hote somere, bothe for manne and beste;

\* See an account of this comet in the 'Nuremburgh Chronicle,' edit. 1493, fol. 254, v. \* Longum radium in medium flamme ingentis ignis emittens.—MS. Arundel, Mus. Brit. 230, fol. 379, v. This comet is a return of the one described in a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in Slon College Library (xix. 2, fol. 155, v. b), and of which there is a drawing on fol. 155, v. a. Cf. MS. Trin. Cantab. R. xv. 18; Bib. Publ. Cantab. K.K. IV. 7; MS. Cotton. Jul. F. xi.

by the whiche ther was gret dethe of menne and women, that in field in harvist tyme men fylle downe sodanly, and unversalle feverses, axes, and the bloody flyx, in dyverse places of Englonde. And also the hete was so grete, that it brent away whete and alle other greynis and gresse, in southe parties of the worlde, in Spayne, Portyngale, Granade, and othere, &c. that a bowsshele of whete was worthe xx. s. and menne were fayue in that cuntre to yewe away there childeryne for to fynd them. But, blessed be Almyghty God, no suche derthe was nojt in Englonde, ne in Fraunce. Also in the same yere Womere watere ranne hugely, withe suche abundaunce of watere, that nevr manne sawe it renne so moche afore this tyme. Womere is called the woo watere: for Englyschmen, whenne thei dyd fyrst in halyde this lond, also some as thei see this watere ranne, thei knewe wele it was a tokene of derthe, or of pestylence, or of grete batayle; wherefor thei called it Womere; (for we as in Englysche tonge woo, and mere is called watere, whiche signyfieth woo-watere;) for alle that tyme thei sawe it renne, thei knewe wele that woo was comyng to Englonde. And this Womere is vij. myle frome Sent Albons, at a place called Markayate; and this Womere ranne at every felde afore specifyede, and nevere so hugely as it dyd this yere, and ranne styll to the xiiij. day of June next yere folowyng. Also ther has runne dyverse suche other watere, that betokenethe lykewyse; one at Lavesham in Kent, and another byside Canturbury called Naylborne, and another at Croydone in Suthsex, and another vij. myle a this syde the castelle of Dodley, in the place called Hungerevale; that whenne it betokenethe batayle it rennyss foule and trouble watere; and whenne betokenethe derthe or pestylence, it rennyth as clere as any watere, but this yere it ranne ryght trouble and foule watere, &c. Also ther is a pytte in Kent, in Langley Parke: ayens any batayle he wille be drye, and it rayne nevere so myche; and if ther be no batayle towarde, he wille be fulle of watere, be it nevre so drye a weyhere; and this yere he is drye, &c. Also this same yere, ther was a voyce cryenge in the heyre, letwyx Laicetere and Bambury, uppon Dunmothe, and in dyverse othere places, herde a long tyme cryenge, 'Bowes! Bowes!' whiche was herde of xl. menne; and some menne saw that he that cryed soo was a hedges manne; and many othere dyverse tokens have be seiwede in Englonde this yere, for amendinge of nennys lyvyng.

*Preferment; or, my Uncle the Earl.* By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

AMONG the most lively, acute, and successful painters of life and manners in our day, Mrs. Gore had deservedly taken a high place—so high a place, indeed, that she hardly needed *Preferment* to advance her higher. But as she has chosen to claim another title to our applause, it is but justice to award it. *Preferment* is an exceedingly clever and amusing production; and quite worthy of the author's reputation. The characters belong chiefly to the upperwalks of society, and are drawn with distinct features, so as to afford much variety to the sallery affairs in which they speak and act. There is a verisimilitude about the whole which gives reality to the relation; and events follow each other in such rapid succession, that the interest is perpetually kept up, and we do not tire even of the brilliancy that sparkles throughout. We must endeavour to separate

a few pages from the rest, as a fair sample of the style and shrewdness of observation:—

"The notice bestowed by Lord Tiverton upon his brother-in-law's letter consisted in handing it across the breakfast-table to the countess, who marked her contempt by a pitying shrug of the shoulders. Since her accession of importance in the fashionable world, Lady Tiverton had, as far as possible, dropped the acquaintance of her Irish relations. Even her brother, Lord Holwell, was at times felt to be an incumbrance. There was a vulgar domesticity about him, a family-coach sort of way of going on, which often made him inconvenient and ridiculous. She had no reliance upon his judgment. At a place like Tunbridge Wells he was sure to pick up some tiger or other. 'No one but Holwell, however, would have shewn so little tact as to volunteer an acquaintance with such people as the Sprys; and it was quite absurd to fancy that because he found it convenient to sleep in a parsonage-house instead of an inn, Lord Tiverton's hands were to be tied by promises of a living to his host.' The earl, as was his wont, instantly coincided in her ladyship's view of the case. He had, in fact, no time to disagree with her. Between parliamentary business and private business, every hour of his day was spoken. One-half his life having been spent in getting into difficulties, the other half was to be spent in getting out of them. He had always three or four law-suits going on, and six or eight lawyers to manage them; and as Lady Tiverton chose that they should live to the full extent of their thirty thousand a-year, though nearly half their income was dissipated, nothing short of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a paper mint at his command, could possibly have cleared off their embarrassments. Could the kind-hearted William Egerton have beheld his brother, now that he had served a seven years' apprenticeship to the craft of aristocratic life, he would have grieved to observe that the cheeks he had noticed as lank and yellow were ten times more jaundiced than on his accession to rank and fortune. But in his own family, no one cared for his looks. Except when he was wanted to draw a cheque on the banker, Lady Tiverton seldom took the trouble of addressing a civil word to him; and as to his sons and daughters, they saw so little of him, except in company, that they held themselves excused from more than the ceremonial of filial respect. Lord Egerton, indeed, had his independent domicile, and avoided, as far as possible, all intercourse with his family; not from consciousness of their worthlessness, or love of independence, but because it was the habit of the set to which he devoted himself. Beyond the appearance of things Lord Egerton cared for nothing. His narrow mind was so absorbed in the ambition of passing for the most correctly fashionable young man about town, that he did not permit himself to indulge in a single natural taste. His life was a life of self-denial. He would have died of hunger and thirst rather than eat or drink at some spot under the ban of the empire of fashion; and condemned himself to a thousand pursuits extremely distasteful to him, because they were those of his gay associates. He was a timid, bad rider, yet had eight hunters at Melton; he detested music, yet had his stall at the opera; he disliked crossing the sea, yet spent a fortnight every winter at Paris; he abhorred cards, yet at the Travellers' never passed an evening without leaving a certain sum behind him at the whist-table. 'Egerton does a vast deal too much,' was the remark of his uncle Adolphus, one day, to his favourite

nephew. 'A thousand things highly becoming in you or I are *infra dig.* in an eldest son. There is no occasion for Egerton to distinguish himself by playing fine. People will be always ready enough to make much of him, whether in or out of fashion. Nothing provokes me more than to see a man in his position affecting airs that are indispensable to a younger brother; unless, indeed, to hear a fellow talking the same claptrap in the House of Lords he would in the Commons.' 'I don't perceive that Egerton does any thing different from the rest of the world,' replied Dick, taking his cigar from his mouth. 'The rest of the world, my dear fellow, is a generality that means nothing. The world is not such a handful as to be spoken of *en masse*. From the time of the serpent that tempted Eve, every thing has had a head and a tail, and gets on by moving them in contrary directions. If you were not to winter in Leicestershire, or if I were not to be seen at whist in the course of the evening, people would ask what was become of us, and fancy we were hard up. But Egerton ought to be able to play or hunt, or let it alone, according to his whim and fancy.' 'Not now,—his day for that is over,' said Dick, with a significant nod. 'Privileges become obsolete, you know, for want of enforcement; and the world having once found out that Egerton stands in awe of it—that he is not master of himself—that he is the slave of opinion—a slave he must remain. Not a fellow in the club but knows he can annoy Egerton to death by sneering at his new carriage, or inquiring, with a significant smile, the name of his tailor. As to that brute, Sir Gordon Hilfield, whom I have seen drive him out of his senses by asking an explanation of his good things and listening with an incredulous look to his anecdotes, I call him Egerton's damper.' 'Nobody's fault but his own! What business has he to say good things, or relate anecdotes? It is going beyond his line; and Hilfield, who is nobody (a Guelphic knight, or some horror of that kind), is justified in resenting Egerton's encroachments upon his business. It is his duty to be agreeable; and of course, when the heir of a rich peer interferes with Sir Gordon's vocation, he is asked to the dinners and country-houses in preference to a man who has nothing else to recommend him.' 'You seem determined to reduce poor Egerton to a cipher!' cried Dick, amused by Adolphus Egerton's parliamentary manner of discussing trifles light as air. 'I suspect it was by your advice he gave up his seat to me.' 'Of course it was. Sore as I was upon the subject, I made it a point of conscience to suggest to him the line of conduct that Tiverton ought to have pursued in former days towards me. Family boroughs were intended for the protection of younger brothers. If a man be not able to provide suitably for his second son, he ought, at least, to secure him from the consequences of the debts which he has no choice but to contract.' 'Certainly, certainly,' replied Dick. But, trust me, it was any thing but a point of conscience that made Egerton give up parliament. The atmosphere of the old house was fatal to a fellow's complexion; and as my father was working his way to the marquise he made difficulties about slack attendance. So when Egerton found that it was a place of all-work, and that he should be quizzed to death by Hilfield or others if he consented to drudge, he proposed me to my father, and my father to the corporation, and there was an end of the business.' 'Not quite an end, for I'm told you make a capital member,' observed Adolphus, smiling upon his adopted heir. 'Only that you would find it a deuce of a bore,



I should be almost inclined to advise you to stick to politics. Politics are looking up, my dear fellow. During the war, they were at a devil of a discount. Just remember what fellows got on and made a noise! But now that government is the only balloon for a man to rise in, places get dear and the company select. There are two or three really gentlemanly men in the present ministry.' 'I should not be satisfied with moderate success,' observed Dick, filiping the ashes of his cigar from his waistcoat. 'It is true that on the few occasions I have found it necessary to rise, I have carried away the house; which, considering that not one of the author-members but has proved a failure, I am a little proud of. But what is the worth of a speech or two in a political life? To distinguish oneself as a public man, one must do nothing else; and, thank God, I still find attractions elsewhere that are worth all the cheers of the ministerial or opposition benches.' 'You talk like a blockhead, my dear Dick,' replied Adolphus, in his usual imperturbable tone. 'The only good thing of public life is, that, like certain pieces of preferment, it can be held with something better.' 'Ay, ay, the public life of a middle-aged man, whose place gives him plenty of patronage and whose pleasures plenty of pretenders to it. But the politician, like the soldier, must work his way up; and I don't care to work.' 'Who does? But make yourself easy. A single brilliant speech on a popular question will do your business. After that, keep as still as death for a session or two; then, make a wavering speech, as if exceedingly perplexed in your conscience whether or not to oppose the measures of government; and, take my word for it, you will have a private visit from the minister's private secretary before twenty-four hours are over your head!' 'Likely enough; but that system is thoroughly blown; and were I to take a part in public life, I should prefer one which might yield me some little credit. I am not yet in so desperate a plight as to make it necessary for me to dirty my fingers.' 'The deuce, you are not!—why, supposing Tiverton dies to-morrow, what becomes of you? Embarrassed as he is, you don't imagine he has laid any thing by for you or the girls?' 'But why suppose he will die to-morrow? He has as good a life as any one I know. And even were some accident to carry off the governor, be assured, Egerton would act otherwise towards me than he does now. It is *de mauvais ton* for two brothers about town to hang upon each other, or live in the same set; but it looks well for an Earl of Tiverton living at Tiverton Castle to be on the best terms with his younger brother.' 'I suspect he would be on all the better terms with him for seeing him under-secretary, or a junior lord,' observed Adolphus, with a knowing nod. 'No doubt—so would you. But, between ourselves, my dear Adolphus, your notions of getting on in political life are *recooco*. Let me alone. I neither expose my game nor publish my theory. Enough if I succeed!' 'Enough, indeed!—You talk exactly in the confident tone that Lady Tiverton used about bringing out Ismena,—and look at the result!—Lady Tiverton fancied that though other manoeuvring mammas failed in fastening their hooks, her quack system must be infallible. She quarrelled with all her friends who had daughters to marry, for fear they should analyse her nostrum; and was as mysterious even to me, as if there were a secret to keep. God bless the woman!—not one of her stratagems but was as familiar at the clubs as the incidents (warranted new) of every fresh melo-drama brought by young authors to the

manager of a theatre, with—'This scene, sir, would be most effective on the stage.' 'It was hissed, sir,' replies the manager, 'in the Free-booter of the Tyrol.' 'But the catastrophe, sir, the catastrophe!' 'Was damned two years ago in the Inn of Guadenzell.' But the young gentleman is incredulous, and chooses his production to be damned over again.—So did Lady Tiverton."

Having complimented Mrs. Gore's talent for observation, we beg to protest against the following as giving any idea of good male society; the lady, not knowing any thing of it herself, must have been misinformed by some *mauvais sujet*:—

"Julius regretted to find the conversation, which he had hoped was about to take a literary turn, become gradually so warmed by the fumes of champagne and burgundy, that the jests, at first confined to his brother, Lord Storby, and the K.G., soon became general. Stories grew as broad as they were long, and jokes ensued, of which, like a gauger's stick, the point was invariably dirty! He was amazed to hear gray-bearded men talk so much like school-boys!—Silas Vivian seemed to have forgotten his presence, or he would have checked the license of his guests. But when, at length, the party, after growing boozily and talking itself sober again, broke up in order to enable several of those present to go and listen to the debates at 1.—House, and the division at the Commons, Julius was destined to experience a still further shock. As they successively received their hats from the butler, he stood aghast on discovering the reviewer's to be a shovel! Silas Vivian had only pointed him out in a whisper to young Egerton on entering, by his highest title, 'the author of that celebrated critique upon "Pepys's Diary." He now named him apart to the astonished young divine as both honourable and very revered; and Julius instantly recognised a name of some notoriety in the church, as appended to certain politico-ecclesiastical pamphlets and polemical treatises. He felt inexpressibly humbled. He felt both himself and the national church degraded by the fact, that when dining in company with a man so prominent, the least objectionable part of the conversation should have consisted in a discussion upon learned canary birds."

*The Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840.* Edited by Miss Leslie. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart.

WE have received with pleasure this Transatlantic Annual; and the more so, because we think it a decided improvement upon its three predecessors, as well as upon other publications of the same class. In truth, as the fine-art portion of our English Annuals has been gradually deteriorating into machinery, manufacturing, and mannerism, the Americans have brushed up and improved. With one exception (F. P. Stephanoff), and that not remarkable for superior merit, all the embellishments of this neat and handsome volume are, as they ought to be, by American artists. Sully has furnished four of the nine subjects, including "Childhood," a beautiful frontispiece, and a lovely vignette, and "Isabella," a charming female portrait (all engraved by John Cheney, in a manner worthy of the originals); and the rest are supplied by C. R. Leslie, W. S. Mount (2), and C. G. Comegys; their engravers being J. B. Forrest, J. B. Danforth, A. Lawson, Jos. Andrews, and J. I. Pease, all of whom do credit to their country's school.

With regard to the literary contents, they are pretty much on a par with our English

contributions in prose and verse; and we shall endeavour to shew it, by giving what we can of the introductory matter from "The Ghost Book," a story of the last century (with a clever engraving after Mr. Comegys), by the fair and accomplished editress:—

"One Saturday afternoon, on a cool pleasant day, such as sometimes chances to occur even in an American August, a country boy named Caleb Rowan came to the fence that separated his father's farm from that of Barzillai Brooks, whose two sons were sitting under the magnolia that shaded a running stream, and were hard at work with knives and sticks, making traps for the musk-rats that burrowed in the bank. 'Come here, Harman,' said Caleb; 'come here, Stacey. I've something to shew you, such as you never saw before in all your born days.' 'As you are but one, and we are two,' replied Harman, 'I guess it will be quite as easy for you to get over the fence and come to us. But what have you got—a double plum, or some gingerbread of a new pattern?' 'Neither one nor t'other,' answered Caleb, jumping over the fence, 'but something pretty near as good, I can tell you. Think of my having a *written* book in my pocket! Maybe you don't know that books must always be writ before they're printed.' 'Yes, we do,' exclaimed both the brothers, 'we've known that all our lives.' 'Possible! ejaculated Caleb, looking somewhat surprised, 'now that must be nateral smartness! For my part, when I was a little fellow, I remember supposing that the printers made all the books as they went along; that is, they thought of a word and printed it down, and then they thought of another word and printed that down, and so on till they got a whole book-full. To be sure, there's no doubt that of all men, printers must be the sensiblest; seeing how much learning they put out.' 'I don't know,' said Stacey, 'the last time I attended market with father, we put up at the Black Bear, and there was a printing-office right back of the tavern. I looked across at the windows, and saw the men at work; and they seemed to print it off so fast that I can't see how any of the sense could stick by them.' 'But about this writer book of Caleb's,' said Harman, 'let me see it in my own hands.' Caleb Rowan then slowly drew from his pocket a manuscript volume in a reddish pasteboard cover. Some of its pages were torn out, and those that remained were much disfigured with blots and interlineations. 'Where did you get this book?' inquired Harman, turning over the leaves. 'I was rummaging about in the kitchen loft, as I often do,' replied Caleb, 'among the old boxes, and things that are of no manner of use, only mother thinks it a shame to throw them away.' 'I know the place,' said Stacey; 'I've been there with you in the dark low corner—among the tea-pots without spouts, and the coffee-pots without handles, and the split cullenders, and the ragged sieves.' 'Well, no matter,' pursued Caleb; 'I took a notion to scramble among the old papers that were heaped up in the broken churn that Peggy Poundage humped the bottom out of, one cold day when the butter would not come. So I plunged my hand in among them, as far down as it would go, thinking I might fish up an old almanack that would have some good reading in it (such as new ways of making huckleberry puddin' or punk pie), and there I found this book; and though it's wrote so bad that I could only make out a few words here and there I had wit enough to see that it's mostly about ghosts, and sperits, and apparations.' 'Wel now, to me,

said Harman, 'the writing is not bad at all—it's a most as plain as print. So let's go to the old stable, where we can be to ourselves, and I'll read it out loud to you. And there's David Gleason, just getting over the fence. He has come to spend his Saturday afternoon with us, so we'll take him along and let him hear the ghost-book. David's the scariest boy I know; so it will just suit him. I've seen his face turn as white as his hair, when we've been talking of such things.'

'As to Master Loomis,' pursued David, emboldened by the praise awarded to his observation, 'I've heard the neighbour-women say that wherever he boarded it seemed as if they could not help giving him the best bed-room, and using him like a gentleman, and not expecting him to wash at the pump. I heard mother telling Susan Wonderly, that, after our best room, that nobody ever sleeps in, was fixed for Master Loomis, she warned him that strange noises had been heard there at night in the dark closet by the head of the bed, and that she couldn't answer for it that something frightful wouldn't come out of the closet-door. And he laughed and said—he liked the room the better for being haunted, and that he would promise when the ghost came to take it peaceably, and make no noise to disturb the family. But mother made him give his word, that if he did see any thing he was never to mention it to any body breathing. And so after that, there was no getting out of him whether he had seen any thing or not, for he always said he had given his word not to tell. But there were them that thought he did see something, and more than once, too.' 'Well,' replied Harman, 'my father seems to think there a'n't no such persons as ghosts, and he won't allow nobody to talk about them; though, to be sure, they are what every body likes to hear of. For my part, I think I could stand a spirit as well as any thing else (even if I was to see one), for it's not easy to frighten me any way—nor never was.' 'Now, Harman,' said Stacey, 'don't brag too much. You know when we were little fellows and Dutch Teeny lived with us, and you and I used to slip out to her of evenings, and sit on the steps at the back door, and hear her tell about things that had been seen in Germany, nobody could creep closer or hold faster to her than you did; and often when it was quite dark and I went to hide my head under her apron, I found yours there already, and you quite as cold and trembling as I was.' 'I don't believe,' rejoined David, 'that Dutch Teeny could tell you any worse than I and my sisters was told by Black Katy, when she talked to us of the things that kept about her old mistress's plantation in Virginy. Well, Master Loomis never mentioned witches and ghosts to us; but I've heard mother and the neighbour women say that there was certainly something strange about him, for he often seemed as if he was seeking for spirits to appear.' 'When he boarded at our house he used to go off after supper, and rove about in the dark woods where the dead Indians walk; and in moonlight nights he would often stroll to grave-yards all alone by himself, and he has been known even to sit on graves. I dare say that book is full of his own wretched experience of the spirits he has met with.' The four comrades had now reached the ruinous and deserted stable, which was long since superseded by a better one, adjoining to the new barn. The floor of the old stable had been several times cleaned up by the boys, and they had furnished it with slabs by way of seats. It was now the favourite rendezvous of

Harman and Stacey Brooks and their neighbouring companions, for confabulations and other amusements. Harman having seated himself on one of the slabs, his comrades, with earnest faces, placed themselves near him to listen to the ghost-book, while the shadowy light of the afternoon sun streamed in at a large aperture in the dismantled roof."

We must leave the story itself to readers; but the framework is good American.

*The Jesuit. A Picture of Manners and Character from the first Quarter of the Eighteenth Century.* Translated from the German of C. Spindler. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bull. THE greater portion of this book is what the title-page purports, a picture of German manners and character a century ago; and a considerable portion of the last volume takes us to Dominica, and wanders among Indian scenes. Another striking feature is the introduction of Jesuit agency, shewing the machinery and zeal with which that extraordinary body prosecuted the task of proselytism. The story itself is complicated with much dramatic effect; some of the characters possess great originality, and the incidents are often striking. The whole we think well calculated to please the readers of fiction; not to break in upon whose domain of mystery and *dénoûment*, we must content ourselves with extracting an insulated passage illustrating the writer's powers.

Doctor Leopold (an emissary of the Jesuits) has just prevented the Senator from committing suicide by drowning, and the narrative proceeds:—

"The senator looked round in perplexity towards his new friend. His feet were rooted to the ground. He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and, after a lengthened silence, asked, 'In whom shall I confide, sir—in God? I am no pietist, and never shall be: enough of that. In Fortune? I have long been her favourite—but when one prop fails, the rest will soon give way. In my own courage? Explain yourself.' 'The will of man may accomplish much,' answered the doctor. 'The aid of the Most High resides in it—believe me, it governs fortune. Life is a perpetual contest, and the world the battle-field. He who strives the most manfully is sure to reach the goal. Mistaken sentiments of honour, and a vicious system of morals, will weaken the best of the combatants, and make him the scorn of his rivals. Let us, then, press along the path upon which we have been thrown, and dream of no other. Let us not tremble before danger, but trample it to the earth.' 'I don't understand you,' said the senator, and stooped in a listening attitude close to the doctor. 'I am fifty years old, and though I have often had a feeling of what your words seem to import, it was never spoken to me by mortal man.' 'You have only known the world of commerce,' replied the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, 'but you shall have an example forthwith. Here is an account of the sea-fight at La Hogue, when Admiral Russell destroyed the French fleet. This battle was one of the most extraordinary events of the period, and fought and won under the most discouraging circumstances. In despite of wind and storm, and regardless of the iron yoke of responsibility, the conqueror achieved his object, and victory hovered over the routed and dismayed enemy. So much can be effected by resolute will, and the strenuous exertions of mankind. And, mark me well, in citizen's life, as in war, the maxim is good,—Help thyself, and God is with thee.

Quit, then, the frail plank that will sink with thee, or resign thyself to a merited fate.' 'I am astonished at your language, learned sir,' said the senator, with more firmness than he had hitherto shewn; 'but how shall I put it in practice? Your words are mysterious. I am fearful of understanding their import.' The doctor smiled. 'Dream not of hobgoblins!' he answered, half in jest. 'I am about to prescribe only gentle methods. You are not carrying the bayonet or truncheon of command. To be brief: you must not timidly give up all for lost. Fortune changes her abode with every passing hour, and is, perhaps, even now, raining showers of gold on your neighbour's roof. Wear a mask. If Misfortune speaks in your brow, you will not find one friend more; while the show of confidence, even at the last minute, prevails with the most wary. Arm yourself against the approaching enemy, not with invectives and a dagger, but with the words of plausibility, and a countenance full of promise. Courtesy overcomes the most steadfast resolves. Every man has his weak points; every man is vain. Aim at the heel of Achilles: flatter his pride. The favourable moment once seized, and your object is gained. The respite is given; with time comes hope, and in hope lies all our treasure. What is possible, may happen; and Disaster ever gives place to Fortune. Cease not to reckon upon yourself, and on my discretion.' The doctor quitted the man of commerce with a respectful bow, and turned towards the city. Mussinger gazed after him with astonishment, and then looked within his own bosom. No resource, no mode of action, presented itself to his thoughts; yet his heart was animated by a new courage, and his rash purpose of self-destruction seemed like a fantastic dream. The brilliant glow of morning had its share in tranquillising his mind. The first effect of this restrained composure was a determination to adjust his disordered dress and appearance. He then stood up, raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured,—'Well, the lesson is not dearly bought; and, at the worst, the stream will be as deep as ever three days hence.'"

We have only to add a morning description:—  
"It arrived, as brilliant as its predecessor had been gloomy and tempestuous. Justine bathed her fevered brows in the stream of refreshing air that rushed past the pinnacle of the tower. The clouds were dispersed, and had sunk in the horizon. The deep blue of the sky gleamed through the Gothic balustrades of the platform, and a transparent azure canopy was reared over the lofty summit. Troops of birds sportively fluttered around, or sailed past the building. The stork rattled in his nest, and the ring-dove chirruped in a joyous rivalry. The daylight presented a scene of unsurpassed beauty. The extensive plain in which the city lay, bounded by a line of distant hills, was enlivened by the autumnal tints. Village towers with their shining cupolas, hamlets with their cheerful tile-roofs, were seen across the peopled highroads; and the prospect was diversified by extensive woodland tracts, green meadows, and silvery streams, with cornfields, on which the golden ears were waving in the abundance of autumn. The noble city, encircled by gray bastions and ancient watch-towers, with its river sweeping past the walls, was a principal feature of the landscape. Justine had never enjoyed this view. She looked down on the gloomy streets, the crowded market, the roofs of the houses, and of other churches that lay far be-

neath. She sought out her paternal home, the cradle of her joys. She discovered the convent of St. John, the source of her father's errors and her misfortunes. Her eye was not turned towards the inn where her lover had harboured; it scanned the roads which ran in every direction from the gates. By which had her father emerged?—or was he yet breathing amid the dense mass of houses, whose inhabitants were banded for his destruction? She ran, she knew not why, to the door. Irresolutely she opened it, and heard steps on the narrow staircase, and a whisper of persons approaching. Pahlens and the Frenchwoman had quitted the chamber, and in low confidential tones were talking—of herself."

*Twelve Sermons delivered in the New Temple of the Israelites, at Hamburgh. By Dr. Gotthold Salomon. Translated from the German by Anna Maria Goldsmid. Pp. 247. London, 1839. Murray.*

THESE sermons are selected from many published by the same learned and eloquent teacher, and are intended to make more generally known and illustrate the real tenets of those who hold the ancient Mosaic faith. Without entering upon its interesting topics, we quote, as a specimen, a passage from a discourse on the "Spirit of the Mosaic religion."

"What light is to the mind, love is to the heart; and as our spirits yearn for light, so do our hearts thirst after affection. A religion that should leave this thirst unslaked, might well be suspected, for it would be ill adapted to man (who possesses a feeling heart as well as a thinking mind), in whom not only a thinking mind, but likewise a feeling heart, is constantly demanding nourishment. But blessed are we, my brethren. The very life-breath of our religion is love; and the image of the Creator, which we bear in ourselves, can never manifest itself more worthily or more completely than in acts of love: for it is only by love that we can become like Him who loveth all. Our religion tells us that one God has created us, our text tells us that God is near—is closely related to us. Can there exist any closer relationship? He is our Father, and the Father of all living. One and the same dwelling-place is appointed for us and them here, one and the same is destined for us and them hereafter; the beginning and the end of all are alike. Shall that portion alone which lies between, that span of time which we call life, be unwarmed by the bright beams of love? Mankind are the companions of your journey; love them as you love yourselves. But you pause to reflect. Is it because, perchance, another town, another country, another continent, lies between you and your fellow-man? Ought a foreign city, or a strange land, or an unknown region, then, to be deemed an impassable barrier between hearts formed alike? Are not both they and you still the creatures of God? Are ye not still brethren? And though one may dwell where the sun rises, and another where he sets, is not God the God of the whole earth? Is not His name to be praised from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same? Love the stranger also as thou lovest thyself! Do you again hesitate? There lies between you, perhaps, something more than a continent—a different creed. But say, ye who have feeling hearts, suppose that of two born of the same parents, the elder is tall enough to embrace their father, while the younger can only clasp his knees, must not the elder and stronger assist him, who is as yet too little and weak to climb to the parental bosom? Should difference

in strength cause difference in fraternal love? The heart answers, No; and so speaks religion also. This love will assume every conceivable form that can serve to bless: it will be meek and ready to assist enemies and offenders, tender and compassionate to the wretched and unfortunate, forbearing and indulgent to the weak and infirm, gentle and kind to those of lowly condition, who have the more need of love from their fellow-men, the more they appear to be without the love of their Father in this, their earthly life.

"Religion disposes the heart to love, and thus satisfies man's most sublime natural want."

Speaking of dissentients or sectarians (for every profession has such), we find the following statement, and very Israelitish illustration, in the metallic shape:—

"There is another class, whose members are diametrically opposed to those just mentioned, who yet do not operate beneficially on our community. It is composed of men who are, indeed, acquainted with religion, but who mistake it in one of its most essential parts. You have heard that it is the aim of the Mosaic religion to make us good and useful members of society; so that we may, with all the powers we possess, labour for the welfare of the country to which we belong. These men, however, ignorant of the world and human life, act and speak as though Israel still formed a distinct and separate state; consequently, they observe as parts of the universal religion of Israel, institutions which possessed value in Palestine only, because there only they had spirit and life. They require and inculcate the strict observance of these, although by such observances, much of our power to act usefully as citizens must necessarily be destroyed. Besides this, they envelope the jewel of religion in so many folds, that numbers of our brethren cannot, or will not, penetrate the covering—see not the jewel itself. It is true that gold, when pure and soft, must be mixed with copper before it can be wrought; but, my friends, be moderate in the use of the ignoble alloy. Do you not consider that the gilded copper, or the coppered gold, must, by degrees, lose all its lustre? Do you not reflect that the impression that gives value to your coin will be corroded and eaten away by the *aqua regia* of the world?"

These brief quotations, taken almost haphazard from the volume, will suffice to shew that it is well worthy of public regard, as being illustrative of Jewish doctrines and opinions, and shewing us more of the better feelings of this extraordinary people than is usually met with in publications addressed directly to these subjects.\*

*Forgotten Facts in the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian; recalled in a Letter to Mrs. Mathews, his Biographer. By S. J. Arnold, Esq. Pp. 52. London, 1839. Ridgway.*

WE never had but one opinion of the statement hazarded by Mrs. Mathews, in giving her version of the agreement between her husband and Mr. Arnold. It was very natural that she should take a partial, and, therefore, erroneous view of the business: we should have wondered if she had not done so. The simple truth lies in small

\* We may here mention *The Jewish Heroine of the 19th Century*, a tale founded on fact, and translated from the Spanish (pp. 94, London, J. Wasey), which relates the constant resolution of a beautiful Jewish maiden, Phoebe Hachuel, not to deny her faith and embrace that of Mahomet; and who was consequently beheaded at Tangier, two or three years ago. Mr. Lindo, author of the "Jewish Calendar," is the voucher for this case of martyrdom.

compass. Mathews, disappointed and discontented in consequence of being almost what players call *shelved* by the London managers, found in Arnold a man of prescient judgment in dramatic matters, and of bold enterprise. In Arnold's opinion the unrivalled talents of this unequalled mime were capable of being employed to great advantage, and he ventured to offer to him, for seven years' acting in a new fashion, the magnificent sum of 1000*l.* a-year for life. It was an experiment; and few people will be disposed to think, under all the existing circumstances, that it was not a daring risk. A few nights' performances proved that it was a wise one, and likely to be productive of a splendid fortune. And this was too much for dear Mat's philosophy: he repented of his engagement; he saw it would be far better for his partner than for himself; he was goaded by the remarks and advice of friends; and he became, at the end of six or eight nights, too ill to perform. Such is the plain state of the facts; and the consequence was that the original bond had to be torn up, and a new agreement entered into, upon which the parties continued to deal together for years.

The idea that Mathews was so silly a person as to enter into a serious legal engagement of this kind, after a year and a half's negotiations, without understanding its nature, is too absurd for belief; but even had it been so, as long as bargain is bargain between man and man, he was bound to fulfil his contract, however unfavourably to himself he might consider it to have turned out. We therefore regretted at the time, and expressed our regret, that his biographer had gone out of her way to impugn the conduct and character of Mr. Arnold—a man upon whom heavy losses too had fallen, which ought to have saved him from any, and still more from unjust attack;—a man, whether in public life or in retirement, covered with the warm esteem and respect of many sympathising friends. Among these the individual who writes this notice is proud to be numbered; and he cannot call to mind the social and happy hours spent with them, when Mathews and Arnold were prosperous together, without feeling a deep sense of sorrow that time and the grave should have allowed a cloud to be cast back on a period of general and genial sunshine. With the world at large, and those who have not known Mr. Arnold, this pamphlet will completely establish his integrity throughout the whole of these transactions; and it will, we trust, be the last we shall hear upon so painful a subject.

*Reply to Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet entitled "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled."* By the Author of a "Refutation of the Mistatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.' respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne." Pp. 125. Appendix, 97. London, 1839. Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Blacks.

WE here approach another of those duties very repugnant to our feelings; but, as in the preceding case, we must get over it. Since the above *Reply* issued from the press, we declare that we have taken it up and laid it down hundreds of times, without being able to bring ourselves to notice it. In the first instance we did not hesitate to state our opinion that the Ballantynes, and particularly James, were unfairly and unkindly used in the view taken of their intercourse and transactions with Sir Walter Scott. Their vindication was demanded from their relatives and friends; and sorry were we to find that it only provoked a more severe



visitation from the keen and biting pen of Mr. Lockhart. To his second statement, under a very harsh name, this is a Reply; and a Reply so supported by figures and documents, that none who cherish the memory of the Ballantynes, the partners, companions, and friends of Scott, need blush for any part of their connexion with him. We abstain from saying more.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Friends of Fontainebleau.* By H. D. Burdon, author of the "Lost Evidence," and "Seymour of Sudley." 3 vols. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is rather a busy week in the novel line; or we should be able to devote more space to Miss Burdon's historical fiction than is, under the circumstances, in our power. Like her former productions, the *Friends of Fontainebleau* displays very considerable talent and power. Of a grave and disastrous character, her descriptions of human suffering are full of tragical interest. The period is of that eventful struggle and bloodshed which preceded the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew; and of all the sights that can afflict humanity, there is none so shocking as that of barbarities, treacheries, murders, and executions, committed in the name and under the profession of the religion of peace and good-will to all men. Miss Burdon has set such miseries in a striking light; her narrative is animated and touching, and her fair dames and noble cavaliers are drawn aptly and truly in the garb of the times to which they belong. The story is altogether well told, and will enchain the attention of readers to the end. It is impossible, by any extract, to give a taste of its quality.

*A Practical Description of the Daguerrotypes.* Translated by J. P. Simon, M.D. London, 1839. Churchill.

AN inferior and inadequate translation. Dr. Simon seems to have no idea of arrangement; for instance, in the midst of M. Gay de Lussac's Report he introduces, without any indication to the reader of the commencement or conclusion of the passage, an account of his having been defrauded of forty pounds by some countryman of his own, who pretended to communicate to him the whole secret of the photogenic art, of which it afterwards appeared the professed instructor had no knowledge except that which he had derived from M. Daguerre's publication.

*The Life of Christ. Illustrated by Choice Passages from One Hundred and Thirty-eight Eminent British and Foreign Divines; and Embellished by Seventy Wood-Engravings after Celebrated Masters.* Small 4to. pp. 238. London, 1839. Ball, Arnold, and Co.

THE title-page sufficiently explains the nature of this work, which is embellished and bound so as to take the handsome form of an Annual, devoted to pious thoughts and religious instruction. The selections are made with great judgment, and the beautiful pictures from admirable painters are exceedingly well executed in the wood-engravings. For the serious portion of the public, this is a very reasonable and desirable publication.

*Standard Edition of Gulliver's Travels.* Parts I. II. London, 1839. Hayward and Moore. EIGHT monthly parts, illustrated by four hundred wood-engravings by Grandville, are announced to complete this popular edition of one of the most popular works ever written. The parts before us do great credit to the artist and

publisher, and already give us Lilliput complete, and introduce us to Brobdingnag. When finished, it will be a capital publication, and is well deserving of public encouragement.

*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.* Part I. Mammalia. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1839. Orr and Co.

A MORE desirable republication, in a convenient form and at a moderate price, could not be named, than Cuvier's justly celebrated *Animal Kingdom*; and we rejoice to see it undertaken, as in the present instance, with spirit, and confided to the editorial abilities of Mr. Edward Blythe, Mr. R. Mudie, Dr. George Johnston, and Mr. J. O. Westwood. These gentlemen have severally undertaken the mammalia, birds and reptiles, the fishes, the mollusca, and the crustacea and insects; and this first part, as far as it allows us to judge, promises a complete work of high merit and value.

*Short Sermons for Little Children,* by an Elder Sister. Pp. 176. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford.)—A well-meant little book, to inculcate the duties incumbent on childhood. Each sermon has a pretty hymn attached.

*The Popular Encyclopedia; or, Conversation's Lexicon.* Part XIII. Pp. 448, double col. (Glasgow, Blackie and Son.)—This part concludes the work in 187 pages; and a Supplement, carrying us to the word "Dulwich," supplies recent and useful additions.

*An Abstract of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords upon the State of Crime in Ireland.* Edited under several heads, by D. Leahy, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 132. (London, Longman and Co.)—This appears to us to be an able and impartial abstract: a production of great labour.

*The Sporting Almanack, 1840.* (London, E. Churton.)—This is a capital almanack for persons fond of the turf, being full of all sorts of information connected with it, besides having all the usefulness of an almanack, being appropriately embellished and enlivened by congenial essays and papers on various subjects.

*Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry,* &c. by W. D. Cooley, A.B. Pp. 184. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—A useful school-book: plain, and as easy and concise as the subject admits.

*Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott.* Vol. VIII. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.)—A View of Abbotsford, and a likeness of Scott from Chantrey's fine bust, are the ornaments of this volume.

*A Challenge to Phrenologists,* by A.M. of the Middle Temple. Pp. 206. (London, Hodson.)—A stout challenger though incognito. The phrenologists will have enough ado to meet him in the field. We are tired of the combat.

*The German Self-Teacher,* &c. by H. Meldinger. Pp. 263. (London, Whittaker and Co.; Dulau and Co.)—A very simple and excellent mode of acquiring the German language is laid down in this volume; which is otherwise well worthy of notice for its views of the affinity of the English tongue with that of Germany. The writer appears to have a comprehensive knowledge of the Gothic-Teutonic languages; and of a dictionary of which, we believe, he is also the compiler.

*Berger's Moral Tales for Children in German.* Pp. 161. (London, Nutt; Dublin, Milliken; Edinburgh, Smith.)—A nice and judicious selection, both of ancient matter and sketches of every-day life.

*Marianne, the Last of the Asmonean Princes. A Historical Novel of Palestine.* Pp. 442. (London, Fraser.)—A republication of an interesting work which appeared some fourteen years ago, and did not, owing to circumstances, meet with the attention it deserved. We trust the second venture will be more prosperous. The subject, both as regards the people and the country, is one of the best that could be chosen.

*The Guide to Trade. The Joiner and Cabinet-maker.* Pp. 115. (London, Knight.)—One of those useful little books which affords valuable instruction and advice to the workman; and a considerable degree of insight to the employer.

*Plain Abstracts for Popular Use of all the Acts of Public Interest, passed in the Session 2 and 3 of Victoria, 1839.* By J. H. Brady. Pp. 68. (London, Washbourne.)—The Police Acts alone are enough to give value to this useful little manual; but it contains much more of servicable matter.

*The Child's Library.* Peter Wilkins, by R. Pattocke. Pp. 130. (London, Thomas; Tegg; Simpkin and Marshall.)—A nice little edition of a famous story, and divulging for children the name of its author, which literary men did not know. He had twenty guineas, twelve copies, and some of the cuts, for his labour. What did Dodley make by it?

*Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires.* by J. L. Stephens, Esq. Pp. 138, double columns. (London, Smith.)—One of the very cheap editions of a work upon which we bestowed just eulogy when it appeared in a much more expensive shape.

*A Treatise on the Art of Preserving the Eye,* &c. &c. by J. C. A. Franz. Pp. 294. (London, Churchill; Edinburgh, Carfrae and Son; Dublin, Hodges and Smith.)—The eye, though apparently the most delicate organ in

the human frame, costs us less trouble than the hard and enameled tooth. The perishable beats the imperishable altogether. Nevertheless, it is well to know how to use it; for which purpose this is a very laudable volume.

*Robinson Crusoe.* Parts I. II. III. (London, Tins.)—This new edition is laden with wood-engravings from designs by Grandville, who promises 300 in all. Who would not have such a Crusoe? There are to be seven more parts. The artists have fairly and cleverly done their duty.

*A Manual of British Coleoptera, or Beetles,* &c. &c. by James W. Stephens, F.L.S. &c. &c. Pp. 443. (Longman and Co.)—A very complete manual of all our beetles hitherto ascertained, with a notice of their localities, periods, and places of appearance. In short, of all the scientific intelligence necessary to the subject. Many new species appear.

*Preliminary Lessons in the History of England.* Pp. 76. (Taunton, F. May.)—A thirteenth edition speaks the utility of this little book for juvenile classes.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

## New Mode of Medal-Copying, &amp;c.

MR. AINGER, 'On Warming and Ventilating Buildings.'—This was the first illustration of the season, and for the middle of November was surely quite appropriate. Mr. Ainger was not distinctly heard. He noticed the various modes of warming apartments, from the simplest—that in the Irish cabin, with the fire of peat in the middle, down to the most scientific, including all manner of stoves.—Dr. Arnott's, Joyce's, &c. Stoves, the lecturer considered well applied to the warming of halls and staircases. Mr. Ainger adverted to the ancient mode of warming by horizontal flues; next, by heated air; then, by steam conducted through pipes; hot water; Perkins's plan; also by hot water under great pressure; and lastly, by air having been previously in contact with hot water. From what was advanced it was easily to be seen that a good coal fire after all is the best, as it is certainly the most social mode of counteracting the effect of cold within doors. The remarks on ventilation were postponed.—Mr. Aikin directed attention to some exquisite copies of medals, taken by the new process of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool. The copies were placed on the table. The principle which Mr. Spencer employs to obtain copies is briefly this:—He immerses the metallic surface to be copied in a solution of sulphate of copper; and then, by a small voltaic battery, causes hydrogen gas to be evolved against it. The hydrogen reduces the copper to the metallic state, and thus the surface soon becomes coated with copper, which may be separated when it has acquired sufficient thickness. When a medal or coin is thus operated on, a cast is obtained, in which the figures are sunk as in a die. It is therefore requisite, if we wish to obtain a copy of the medal in relief; either to employ two processes, the first to obtain a die, and the second to form a medal. Or we may simplify the process by first forming a die (by passing the medal either in lead or fusible metal), which may then be employed to precipitate the copper into, by the voltaic process. Dies of this kind are very easily formed, and may be used many times for forming medals. For small coins leaden dies are best, because easily formed and very sharp; but for large medals, or those in high relief, fusible metal is perhaps preferable: for, though more difficult to make, there is far less chance of injuring the medal. The specimens exhibited were much admired.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

NOV. 11. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, F.R.S. Vice-President, in the chair.—This being the first meeting for the season, a long list of donations to the library was announced, exceeding one hundred and seventy books, and eighty maps,

including the fourth volume of the "Pilote Français," presented by the Dépôt de la Marine; and the twelve just published sheets of the "Carte Topographique" of France, presented by the Dépôt de la Guerre, at Paris. Sixteen members were proposed. Extracts from the following papers were read.—1. 'On the recent Establishment at Port Essington on the North Coast of Australia, by Captain Sir Gordon Bremer, R.N.' Communicated by Sir John Barrow.

"Port Essington, 8 March, 1839.

"On the 27th October, 1838, I reached this place, and, after due consideration, fixed on this spot for the settlement. Our operations commenced on the 3d November, and have proceeded with so much vigour that we have now a very admirable little town. The position is on a considerable piece of rising ground, midway on the western side of the inner harbour. The soil around is of the finest description; and we have already four wells sunk, which afford abundance of water. A finer harbour is scarcely to be met with in the world. The Alligator and Britomart lie in eighteen feet at the lowest water of spring-tides, within hail of an excellent pier, which extends one hundred feet. On Point Record and Spear Point are wells where ships can water most expeditiously, while around our settlement are large ponds and many running streams, all excellent. The rains have fallen but slightly this season, and our gardens in consequence have not made that progress I had hoped for; nevertheless, the orange, lemon, banana, plantain, and cocoa-nut trees, are in beautiful order; while the pumpkins, melons, &c. give ample promise. As regards climate, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that it is as fine as any tropical one in the world. We have had very hard labour, and been constantly exposed to the sun; occasionally the thermometer in the shade has been 98° and 100°; yet not one serious case of sickness has occurred. Some disposition to scurvy in two individuals had manifested itself, but by timely means it has been overcome. We have now a stock of cattle for a month, and I look for a further supply on the return of the schooner Essington from Timor. That vessel sailed in December last for the islands to the northward, for the purpose of opening a trade; and on board her I sent Mr. G. W. Earl, whose interesting account of his voyage is amongst my other reports. He found a considerable Christian population, under the guidance of some intelligent Dutch missionaries, and has given me so much information, and caused such a desire on my part for more, that I purpose proceeding to Little Moa and Kissa in the Britomart about the end of this month. In concluding this brief despatch, I feel that I am abundantly warranted in congratulating the British government on their having caused the occupation of this noble harbour, and on the acquisition to the country of a colony which must answer all the purposes contemplated by her majesty's government in its formation; nor can I entertain a doubt but that, with the due encouragement it will receive from home, its admirable geographical position will excite attention, its capabilities for mercantile purposes be appreciated, and its soil, which evidently will produce the most valuable articles, be speedily and successfully cultivated." The paper was accompanied by a chart of Port Essington, by Captain Owen Stanley, R.N.; from which it appears that the site of the new town of Victoria, on the western side of the harbour, lies in 11° 20' 30'

south latitude, and 132° 9' longitude east of Greenwich.

2. 'Notes on Two Journeys from Baghdad to the Ruins of Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, in 1836 and 1837.' By Dr. John Ross, Surgeon to the British Residency at Baghdad.—"After numerous failures for nearly two years, in endeavouring to get Beduins to escort me to the ruins of Al Hadhr, I have at length succeeded in persuading Salâh-el-Mezéini, a well-known 'Ajili, to make the attempt. The ruins themselves, and the country round them, are looked upon by the Arabs with superstitious awe, as the haunts of evil spirits; moreover, the roads to them are always infested by plundering parties of the Shammâr and Aneizah, passing to and from forays: so we determined to proceed with as few attendants and as little display as possible.

"May 7, 1836.—Our preparations being completed we left Baghdad, and continuing along the western bank of the Tigris, in a general N.N.W. direction, we passed through the towns of Istâbolat, Tekrit, Kharneinah, to Kalah Sherkat, where we examined the ruins. After waiting here some time for our donkeys with the barley for our horses, we found that they had given us the slip; finding ourselves in this condition, Salâh called a council of war, and after commenting very strongly upon the treachery of the Tekrits, and the revenge he should have on his return, he told old Shi'âl the object of our coming, and said that, as Al Hadhr was only a day's journey off, it would be a disgrace to turn back, and proposed that, as the horses were good, and a chance of green grass inland, and that as we could see the ruins and return to Tekrit in five days, we should trust in God and go on. We unanimously agreed to his proposal, and, after the Arabs had repeated a short prayer aloud for safety and Divine protection, we, at 7h. 30m. A.M. mounted and struck off N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., first over undulating ground, then along the bed of a brackish stream in a small valley called Wâdi-el-Mehêih. At 9h. 30m. halted at a plot of fine green grass to give the horses a feed. Here I observed the Arabs were evidently not at ease; each got on the top of a small kuoll, and, lying flat on his face, kept scanning the horizon in all directions for upwards of an hour, looking for smoke or any signs of human beings being about. At noon we mounted; the country now consists of long, low, undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea, and we can see nothing beyond the one we happen to be on. Between each undulation is a valley, which in winter must have abundance of water. The Arabs are now gloomy and silent, looking suspiciously about; their very features are changed, and as I happen to have the best eyes of the party, they are constantly reminding me to make good use of them. At 4h. 15m. I saw ruins far distant W. by S. which the Arabs instantly pronounced to be Al Hadhr, and we changed our course straight for them. The distant ruins soon appeared with an awfully grand effect; a thick black cloud, behind them, was darting out the most vivid flashings of lightning, and we could distinctly hear the peals of thunder. Old Salâh shook his head and said, 'Sir, I do not like this, we should not have come here; this ground belongs to Iblis.' I confess I myself felt a sort of creeping sensation coming over me. At 5h. 15m. having reached grass and water, and finding it impossible to arrive at the ruins to-night, we halted, and had barely time to fasten the cattle and huddle together, when there burst over us the most terrific storm I

ever beheld; we were ankle deep in water in a few minutes, though on a slight declivity. The storm lasted for about four hours, and the water settled into the valley; yet, in less than an hour afterwards, the Arabs, to my astonishment, contrived to light a fire and boil a little coffee.

"14th.—At 4h. 30m. A.M. mounted and made straight in the direction of the ruins. At 6h. 40m. got to the Tharthar, in a wâdi about two hundred yards broad, covered with grass. The Tharthar itself is here about fifty feet broad, deep, and the water just drinkable. We wandered up and down, but could find no ford; at last Salâh and I stripped to our shirts, and I tied my watch, compass, and note-book on my head, and, being sure of my horse, plunged in, followed by Salâh, at 7h. 45m. The current was rapid, but a few strokes landed us in safety. We reached Al Hadhr at 8h. 10m. We had been about two hours among the ruins, taking rough sketches, measurements, &c., and I was just proceeding to measure the diameter of the city walls, and to count the bastions, when I saw, on a rising ground in the distant horizon to the north, a horseman. I called Salâh, but he could not distinguish him; while pointing out the direction, I saw another join the first. Salâh still doubted, saying it must be a wild hog or a bush, as no human being could be there: for if the Aneizah were out, they must appear from the south, or if the Shammâr, from the west. The appearance of a third, though still invisible to Salâh, settled the business. He said, with a hollow, changed voice, 'We must be off. Allah! Allah! what brought us here?' And off we went, as hard as our horses could, to join our people. I had just time in passing to observe that the general course of the Tharthar is S.E. and S. by E. On getting to our people we instantly saddled, and at 10h. 40m. we were on our return, flying by the same route which brought us. I told Salâh to be more calm—we were five, the enemy only three; he called out, 'Oh, sir, where you see dogs you will find fleas.' At 11h. we heard the horrible war-howl of Arabs behind us. Salâh called out to us to stand fast together while he went to meet them. If they are Shammâr we shall be plundered, but if Aneizah, my party may get off, but the Beduins must fall. I ordered my people to be cool, and not on any account to fire unless I ordered. We were in a hollow, and our speeches were cut short by the appearance of about a hundred horsemen coming over the low ridge behind us at full gallop, and about the same number on our flank. The sight, though far from pleasant, was very grand; the wild disorder, loose flying robes of every colour, spears with round tufts of ostrich-feathers; the howling and yelling, had a most romantic effect. When within about one hundred and fifty yards, my camel-man called out that they were Shammâr (he himself was of that tribe), and told us not to attempt resistance. In another instant they were upon us, and I found myself alone, separated from my people, whose horses had started, perfectly jammed up by the Arabs, and their spears within a few inches of every part of my body. One called to me to dismount and throw down my gun. I asked, 'And if I do?' he answered 'Safety; fear not.' I uncocked my gun, and laid it across the saddle; they at the same time shouldered their spears. One seized me by the clothes, and, my horse having kicked out at his, the part gave way; another then seized my gun, and pulled me off, and in the fall the gun remained with him. My old



horse appeared to take the matter up, and by kicking and fighting cleared an open space; in the meantime, Salâh had been undergoing the same treatment; but, getting a hearing, said he was an Ajel and a Shammâri. The chief asked what he did here? Salâh said, 'By Allah, we were going from 'Alî Pâshâ to Mahommed Pâshâ of Mûsul; and that I was an Albanian.' The chief answered, 'Oh, Beduin, do not lie: first, this is not the road; and, secondly, your backs are to Mûsul, and your faces to Baghdâd.' All called out, 'They are from Reshîd Pâshâ: cut the dogs' heads off.' A second scramble took place, our camel was made to kneel, and the baggage thrown off; I was knocked down, and in an instant was nearly naked, when an old man (for they were still galloping up by dozens) pushed them all aside with an air of authority, calling out in a thundering voice, 'Avast (awâsh), that is no Turk, that is the Bâliyôz; I saw him two years ago in Sheikh Zebâid's tent: let no one touch him, I protect him.' An immediate calm ensued, when Salâh, now nearly naked, advanced, and said, 'Now that you know us, I shall tell you the truth; that is the Bâliyôz, we came here to see Al Hadhr, and we are now going back.' Every thing was now set right, an order was given to restore every thing taken, even to a hair, if one had fallen from our heads, and duly obeyed. We sat on the ground good friends. Their chief told us we had done a very foolish thing in coming here without their knowledge, as it was dangerous ground; they never see any one here except themselves or their enemies, and for the latter they had taken us. He then said, in the most beautiful Arabic style, 'If we had in the hurry killed you all, what answer could we give your friends, or what satisfaction could they expect? When we find strange people here, it is not the time to ask who they are, or whence they have come. Allah has saved you.' He then told us that all was in confusion, that Reshîd Pâshâ had, in a most treacherous manner, seized their sheikh, Sufûk, while a guest in the Turkish camp, on the most solemn pledge of safety, and had sent him prisoner to Constantinople; consequently the Shammâri had all rebelled, and come to the desert. They then invited us to their camp, and I was inclined to go, but Salâh whispered to me that we must get off as soon as possible; for as soon as the seizure of Sufûk was known, there would be a great outbreak in Mesopotamia. The ruins of Al Hadhr occupy a space of ground upwards of a mile in diameter, enclosed by a circular, or nearly circular wall, of immense thickness, with square bastions or towers at about every sixty paces, built of large square cut stones. The upper portions of the curtains have in most places been thrown down, as have been also some of the bastions, but most of the latter may still be said to be in very fair preservation, each having towards the city vaulted chambers. Outside the wall is a broad and very deep ditch, now dry, and a hundred, or a hundred and fifty paces beyond it is a thick rampart, now only a few feet high, going round the town; and at some distance beyond the fortifications stand two high mounds with square towers upon them, one on the eastern side, the other on the north. In nearly the exact centre of the town stands the grand object of curiosity, whether temple or palace, I shall not pretend to say, enclosed by a strong, thick, square wall (partly demolished), with bastions similar to those of the city wall, fronting the four cardinal points, each face measuring three hundred long paces inside. The square is in its centre intersected

from north to south by a range of buildings greatly damaged, a confused mass of chambers, gateways, and one built pillar reduced to about thirty feet. Between this range, and the eastern wall appears to have been a clear space. The principal buildings occupy the western side, and consist of a huge pile fronting the east, and part of a wing fronting the north. The ground-story only remains perfect, and consists of a range of vaulted halls of two sizes. The whole city is built of a brownish-gray limestone, so closely fitted that if cement has been used, it cannot be seen; and almost every stone in the great pile has cut upon it one or more letters or marks, seemingly the builder's number, as they are seen in the midst of broken walls, where they could not have been exposed when the structure was perfect. During both visits to these ruins I endeavoured, by looking into every hole and corner, to discover the statues said by the Arabs to be there, but could find none. The last time, I brought from the camp a Beduin who was to point out the statue of the woman milking the cow, so much spoken of by them, but he took me direct to one of the monsters in No. 7. I now much doubt the existence of any statue at all, at least above ground."

3. 'Note upon a newly discovered River in the Southern Island of New Zealand,' by T. H. Nation, Esq. Surgeon, Royal Navy. On the 1st September, 1838, H. M. S. Pelorus entered a river falling into Cook's Straits, on the north side of the island of Tawni Poïnammu, and sailed up it in a southerly direction for about forty miles; the ship's launch, or large-boat, then continued ascending for about twenty miles further, when, owing to the freshness from the mountains, banks of gravel prevented her proceeding without difficulty. The river is described as a fine stream, the banks covered with ilex and magnificent tree-ferns, the hills covered with forests of the Cowdie pine, large tracts of alluvial land spread around, and in the distance the mountains rose to at least 2000 feet above the sea. The position of the ship's anchorage in the river was 41° 16' S. 173° 50' E. Its outlet is on the shores of a bay partially examined by Captain Dumont d'Urville in the Astrolabe, in 1823, the Admiralty Bay of Cook.

4. 'Discoveries' in the Antarctic Ocean in February 1839, from the Log-book of the Eliza Scott,\* communicated by Charles Enderby, Esq. In July 1838, two small vessels, belonging to the Messrs. Enderby and some other merchants, sailed from London on a sealing voyage to the South Seas, with special instructions to push as far as possible to the southward in search of land. Touching at Amsterdam Island, Chalky Bay in New Zealand, and Campbell's Island, the vessels proceeded to the southward, and reached their extreme south latitude, 69°, in 172° 11' east longitude, full two hundred and twenty miles further to the southward than the point which Bellingshausen, in 1820, had been able to reach in this meridian. Continuing to the westward, on Feb. 9, in latitude 66° 44', longitude 163° 11' east, they discovered five islands, since named the Balleny Islands, from the name of the master of the Eliza Scott: one of these was estimated at the height of 12,000 feet above the sea; on another island two volcanoes emitted smoke. Continuing their voyage to the westward, the vessels were beset by icebergs; they saw numerous whales, penguins and other sea birds, and occasionally

\* These discoveries we described in our statement of Captain J. Ross's proposed route. See L. G. No. 1182.

had a magnificent display of the Aurora Australis. In latitude 61° S., longitude 163° 40' E., they passed within a quarter of a mile of an iceberg two hundred and fifty feet high, bearing a fragment of rock; and continuing their course northward, they reached England on the 17th September, just in time to supply another Antarctic Expedition, then on the eve of departure from England, with the information they had been able to obtain of a newly discovered group of islands, lying on the western verge of the circle, within which there seems to be every probability that our gallant countryman, Capt. James Ross, may find the southern magnetic pole.—5. 'Note on a Rock seen on an Iceberg in 61° south latitude,' by C. Darwin, Esq. In this paper the author has collected together all the facts relative to the fragment of rock seen on an iceberg, and points out the value of such an evidence of the transporting power of ice. The part of the rock visible was estimated by Mr. M'Nab, mate of the vessel, who made a sketch of it at the time, at twelve feet in height, and from five to six feet in width; the remainder was buried in the ice. The iceberg was distant 1400 miles from the nearest certainly known land, but it is highly probable that land may exist not above three hundred miles immediately to the southward. "If, then," concludes Mr. Darwin, "but one iceberg in a thousand, or in ten thousand, transport its fragment, the bottom of the Antarctic Sea, and the shores of its islands, must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere."—Among the illustrations to the above papers was a beautiful chart of the South Polar Sea, just published at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty; and a trigonometrical survey of the river Tigris, from Ctesiphon to Mosul, by Lieutenant Lynch, Indian Navy, communicated by Sir John Hobhouse, President of the India Board.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6. The first meeting of this Society for the session was held on Wednesday evening, the Rev. Professor Buckland, D.D. President, in the chair.—The following communications were read:—1. 'A Notice of Showers of Ashes which fell on board the Roxburgh, off the Cape de Verd Islands, in February last,' by the Rev. W. B. Clarke. On Tuesday, February 4th, the latitude of the ship at noon was 14° 31' N.; longitude, 25° 16' W. The sky was overcast, and the weather thick and insufferably oppressive; though the thermometer was only 72°. At three p.m. the wind suddenly lulled into a calm; then rose from the S. W. accompanied by rain, and the air appeared to be filled with dust, which affected the eyes of the passengers and crew. At noon, on the 5th of February, the latitude of the Roxburgh was 12° 36' N.; longitude 24° 13' W.; the thermometer stood at 72°, and the barometer at 30", the height which it had maintained during the voyage from England. The volcanic island of Fogo, one of the Cape de Verdes, was about forty-five miles distant. The weather was clear and fine, but the sails were found to be covered with an impalpable reddish brown powder, which Mr. Clarke states resembled many of the varieties of ashes ejected from Vesuvius; and evidently was not sand blown from the African deserts. The author also mentions the following instances of similar phenomena, chiefly on the authority of the officers of the Roxburgh. In June 1822, the ship Kingston of Bristol, bound to Jamaica, while passing near Fogo, had her sails

covered with a similar brownish powder, which, it is said, smelt strongly of sulphur. In the latitude of the Canaries, and longitude  $35^{\circ}$  W. showers of ashes have been noticed two or three times. At Bombay, dust, on one occasion, fell on the decks of the vessels to the depth of an inch; and it was supposed to have been blown from Arabia. In January 1838, dust was noticed by the crew of a ship navigating the China Sea, and at a considerable distance from the Bashee Islands, one of which had been previously seen in eruption. In 1812, ashes fell on the deck of a packet bound to the Brazils, and when 1000 miles from land.—2. A Letter from Mr. Caldcleugh, dated Santiago de Chili, 18th February 1839, containing the declaration of the master and part of the crew of the Chilean brig *Thily*, of the discovery, during the evening of the 12th of February, of three volcanic islands about thirty leagues to the east of Juan Fernandez. The island which was first noticed, appeared, at the time of its discovery, to be rising out of the sea. It afterwards divided into two pyramids which crumbled away, but their base remained above the level of a violent surge; and in the course of the same evening the height of the island was, for a time, again considerably increased. The other two volcanic islets bore further southwards. During the night the crew of the *Thily* noticed, at intervals, a light in the same direction.—3. A letter addressed to Mr. Lyell, by Mr. Buddle of Newcastle, 'On Depressions produced in the Surface of the Ground by the Excavation of Beds of Coal.' The effects described in this paper are stated to depend on the four following conditions: 1. The depth of the seam of coal below the surface; 2. The thickness of the seam; 3. The nature of the strata between the seam of coal and the surface; 4. Whether the pillars of coal are wholly or partially removed. If the depth from the surface does not exceed thirty fathoms, and sandstone forms the greater part of the mass overlying the stream, the subsidence is nearly, if not quite, equal to the thickness of the coal removed; but if "metal-stone," or shale, constitute the bulk of the beds, the hollow produced by the settling of strata is less. This rule, depending on the nature of the intervening mass, is said to be maintained at all depths. Of the proportional effect produced in the surface, Mr. Buddle has not been able to obtain any accurate information, the amount depending on the four conditions enumerated above; but the depth of the depression depends less on the thickness of the seam than on its entire removal. In the Newcastle pits, where large pillars of coals are left, in the first instance, and when these are subsequently removed, blocks, or "stooks," of considerable strength, are suffered to remain, for the purpose of protecting the colliers from the exfoliation of the roof; the sinking of the superincumbent mass is retarded, and several years sometimes elapse before the excavation is completely closed, or the overlying strata are finally settled down. In the Yorkshire system, by which all the coal, with the exception of small temporary pillars, is removed in the first instance, the roof being supported by wooden props and stone pillars, the overlying strata subside immediately after the coal is removed. It is only where water occurs on the surface, or a railway traverses a coal-field, that the amount of depression can be accurately ascertained. In one instance the removal of a bed of coal six feet thick, one fourth having been left in "stooks," the depth being 100 fathoms, and the overlying strata principally sandstone, a

pond of water accumulated to the depth of rather more than three feet, by the settling of the strata. In another instance, where a railway crossed a district from beneath which three beds of coal had been successively removed, it had been found necessary to restore the level of the railway three times. The aggregate thickness of the seams of coal was nearly fifteen feet; the depth of the lowest, one hundred and seven fathoms; of the highest, seventy-three; and the mass of the overlying strata consisted of shale. The extent of each settlement was not measured, but the total was five feet six inches; and this comparatively small amount Mr. Buddle explains by the railway passing near one end of the excavated tract. A still higher seam is now in progress of being worked, and it affords an excellent opportunity for ascertaining the effects produced by the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Innumerable vertical cracks pass through the seam, as well as the pavement and roof, or the beds immediately above and below it, but they are perfectly close except around the margin of the settlement; along this line the seam is splintered, the pavement and roof are fissured and bent down, and the cracks are frequently open. Within the area of the settlement, the pavement, on the contrary, is as smooth as if it had not been disturbed, the cracks are close, and the coal is not splintered, but rendered tougher, or, in the language of the collier, more "woody." This effect Mr. Buddle ascribes to the escape of gas by the cracks, and the same changes are sometimes produced by other causes when the coal is said to be winded.—4. On the relative Ages of the Tertiary and Post-Tertiary Deposits of the Basin of the Clyde,' by James Smith, Esq. of Jordan Hill. In former communications, Mr. Smith shewed that deposits in the basin of the Clyde had been elevated above the level of the sea during very recent geological epochs; and that some of these beds contain testacea, which indicate the prevalence, during the period of their accumulation, of a colder climate in Scotland than exists at present. In this paper he confines his remarks to subsequent observations, which afford most satisfactory evidence that these comparatively modern deposits are divisible into two distinct formations, differing in their fauna, and separated by a wide interval of time. In the older of these formations, Mr. Smith has found from ten to fifteen per cent of oxtinet or unknown species of testacea; but in the newer, only such shells as inhabit the British seas. He accordingly places the former among the newest pliocene or pleistocene deposits of Mr. Lyell, and the latter among the post-tertiary series. Both of these accumulations he nevertheless considers to be older than the human period. In the lowest part of the pleistocene formation of the basin of the Clyde, Mr. Smith places the unstratified mass of clay and boulders, locally called "till;" and in the upper, which rests upon it, the beds of sand, gravel, and clay, containing marine shells, a portion of which are extinct or unknown. He is of opinion that some of the similar accumulations in the basins of the Forth and the Tay will probably prove to be of the same age, as well as the elevated terraces of Glenroy, recently shewn by Mr. Darwin to be of marine origin. He is also convinced that a very great proportion of the superficial beds of sand, gravel, and clay, will be ascertained to be tertiary, although the absence of organic remains must render it difficult to obtain, on all occasions, satisfactory evidence. During the post-tertiary epoch, or while the beds containing only existing

testacea were accumulated, changes of level in the basin of the Clyde must have taken place to the amount of forty feet; but during the human period, no change appears to have occurred. The paper concludes with a list of the fossil shells obtained by Mr. Smith, and not found living in the British seas, or of doubtful existence in them. The number of the species is twenty-four—six of which occur in the crag of England, three in the most recent tertiary strata of Sweden, and seven in a living state in the North Seas.—5. 'On the Noxious Gases omitted from the Chalk and overlying Strata in sinking Wells near London,' by Dr. Mitchell. The most abundant deleterious gas in the chalk is the carbonic acid; and it is said to occur in greater quantities in the lower than the upper division of the formation. The distribution of it, however, in that portion of the series is very unequal, it having been found to issue in considerable volumes from one stratum; while from those immediately above and beneath, none was emitted. Sulphuretted hydrogen and carburated hydrogen gases sometimes occur where the chalk is covered with sand and London clay, as well as in other situations. In making the Thames Tunnel, they have been both occasionally given out, and some inconvenience has been experienced by the workmen; but in no instance have the effects been fatal. In the districts where sulphuretted hydrogen gas occurs, the discharge increases considerably after long-continued rain, the water forcing it out from the cavities in which it had accumulated. The paper contained several cases of well-diggers having been suffocated from not using proper precautions.—The tables of the meeting-room and the library were covered with donations of specimens and books.

## ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

At the Ashmolean Society, Nov. 7th, after receiving presents, and electing members, a letter was read from Mr. J. A. Rowell, of Oxford, containing a statement of his theory of the formation of rain and other meteorological and electrical phenomena. His hypothesis is—that, in order to rise in the air, each particle of vapour must be expanded at least eight hundred and sixty times its bulk; that it carries with it its proportion of electricity according to its expanded surface; that if condensed within the electrical attraction of the earth, the extra quantity of electricity is withdrawn, and the vapour falls and becomes dew; but if it rises out of the electrical attraction of the earth, and is then condensed, the electricity, being insulated, forms an atmosphere around each particle of vapour, which surcharge of electricity not only suspends the vapour by its buoyancy, but also repels the neighbouring particles of vapour, and prevents the formation of rain; and on the removal, by any cause, of the electricity inclosing the vaporous particles, the repulsion is removed, and the particles of vapour then attract each other and form rain. Several proofs were brought forward in support of this hypothesis, and its competency was shewn to account for various unexplained phenomena, the aurora borealis, the variation of the needle, &c.—*Oxford Herald*.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, the first meeting of the season, Mr. L. Hayes Pettit in the Chair.—Several new members were proposed; and the secretary

commenced reading a paper by Mr. Callimore, 'On the Early Egyptian Dynasties.'

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday*.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
*Saturday*.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.* Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; Engraved by Thomas Landseer. Moon. "NOBLE," as well as "distinguished;" for certainly a finer or more aristocratic specimen of his kind never barked or swam. Every body who visited the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1838 must recollect the picture, by Edwin Landseer, of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, stretched upon the extreme point of a small jetty, nearly surrounded by the laving waves; his limbs in perfect repose, but his countenance animated, watchful, and benevolent; indicating his readiness to lend his instant and powerful aid in any sudden case of distress or danger. Such an animal itself, few persons can be so fortunate as to possess; but the united talents and labours of the brother-artists have enabled any one to procure a portrait of him; which, in beauty and spirit, can be excelled only by the reality. No engraver but one who is himself so excellent an animal designer and painter as Thomas Landseer, could have been half so successful in transferring to steel the exquisite character and execution of the original work. It is the most superb print of the kind that we ever met with.

*Outlines to Illustrate a Moral Allegory, entitled "The Fight of Freewill."* By Richard Westmacott, jun. A.R.A. F.R.S. Mitchell. We are not very fond of allegory, but the simple beauty of that before us disarms us of all hostility against it. It is comprehended in eight plates; and we cannot more briefly, and at the same time more adequately, describe them, than by copying their titles. Plate 1. A voice, like the sound of a trumpet, announces that a human soul has entered upon the earth. A good spirit, hearing it, kneels; but the spirit of evil, frowning, stands aloof. The soul is to fulfil its pilgrimage, attended by these influences, but having freewill to choose between the good and evil.—Plate 2. Religious instruction in Infancy. The influence of the good spirit paramount. The spirit of evil anxiously awaits an opportunity to destroy or weaken the virtuous principle early inculcated.—Plate 3. Temptation in Poverty. The soul (or freewill) tempted by the spirit of evil to rob a sleeping traveller, in order to be able to join in the pleasures of the world; but, still under the influence of the good principle, hesitates before committing an act of sin.—Plate 4. Study. The spirit of evil, in order to weaken the religious principle, instils doubts, and the doctrine of chance. The good spirit weeps to see Freewill lending attention to the suggestions of Evil.—Plate 5. Charity. The good spirit rejoices to find that the counsels of the spirit of evil have not destroyed the tendency in freewill to acts of virtue.—Plate 6. Love. The influences are here inactive. The good spirit regards with complacency the development of pure affection, while his antagonist watches

his moment of ascendancy.—Plate 7. Passion. The influence of the evil spirit paramount.—Plate 8. Repentance of Evil. The good spirit triumphs at the restored purity of the soul, while the spirit of evil, in disappointment and despair, withdraws his baneful influence.—Of these plates, the second and the sixth are our favourites; but they are all replete with sentiment, expression, and delicacy; and do Mr. Westmacott's taste the highest credit.

#### Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget-me-not, 1840.

AMONG the acknowledgments to correspondents in the *Literary Gazette* of the 12th ult. was one of the receipt of "a set of small plates, very sweetly executed, and apparently intended as the embellishments of some forthcoming Annual." We now find that we were right in our conjecture, and that the Annual was the *Forget-me-not*; and we have the satisfaction to add, that the favourable impression which the plates made upon us at first sight is by no means diminished by a second inspection. They are ten in number, and have as their frontispiece a characteristic whole-length portrait of Her Majesty, in the royal robes, drawn and engraved by H. B. Holl. The remaining nine are most of them exceedingly pleasing compositions; painted by Miss Adams, and Messrs. Nixon, Herbert, Leslie (R.A.), Jenkins, Farrer, Keyser, Corbould, and Colin; and engraved by Messrs. Simmons, Scriven, Gibbon, Rolls, Stocks, Adcock, and Bacon.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### LAYS OF A DREAMER.—NO. IV.

##### A Vision of News.

On, for a nap in an easy chair!  
Strange the dreams that come to us there!  
I went to sleep on Wednesday night,  
November the month, and the moon at its height;  
I had been reading, almost to satiety,  
A luminous work of entrancing variety;  
But I can't give the name of the broad, broad sheet  
That filled my head with the odd conceit.  
It might have been that great diurnal,  
Conservatives call "the leading journals";  
The paper they read at their morning meal,  
To teach them the way  
To think, and to talk, and to act, and to feel,  
For the rest of the day.  
It might have been, I'm not ironical,  
That honest paper, "the Morning Chronicle,"  
Which so to speak,  
For Radical readers does much the same,  
As that thundering print I won't venture to name,  
For the Tory clique.  
Or, perhaps, 'twas "The Sun," which, with rapid transition,  
Becomes either morning or evening edition;  
And thus if you fear its strong day-beams may freckle you,  
Perhaps after dinner you'll let the rogue tickle you.  
Or, perhaps, 'twas "The Standard," or "Globe," good as any,  
Except that these fight like the cats of Kilkenny;  
Or, perhaps, 'twas a paper just new on the town,  
Quite sure to succeed,—till six months puts it down;  
Or, perhaps, 'twas a paper of only last Sunday,  
That a miracle saved from being torn up on Monday.  
The name of the paper I've really forgot,  
And which one it was doesn't matter a jot;  
But I sank into slumber that wasn't repose,  
With that newspaper bobbing against my nose.  
Oh, the devil and Doctor Faustus!  
What a sight has our reading cost us!—  
Morning is breaking, dirty and dim,  
Over a printing-house large and grim;  
There's a whiz, and a squeak, and a bang, and a bang,  
And an opening, and shutting, and stoking, and clang;  
And the whole of the racket can tell you no less,  
Than the fact that a newspaper's "gone to press;"  
And every minute will turn out a ream  
Of sound information got up by steam.  
Alack! alack! what a horrible crack!—  
'Twas as if St. Paul's had broken its back:  
The office is rent from bottom to top,  
For the boiler's gone off like ginger-pop,  
And now amid steamy, gauzy clouds,  
The newspaper matter comes out in crowds.  
Riding a high horse, rather "fast,"  
Heading the foremost a leader passed;  
Brass was his armour to his chin,  
And there did his brazen face begin;

Red was his hair, but no helmet made,  
The warrior's suit of mail complete,  
For the mighty boss of self-conceit  
Stuck out as big as a hand-grenade.

And so I said I

"'Tis plain what's the matter;

And I thought, by the by,

He must puzzle his heater.

We are bold in our dreams if we're cowards awake,  
Not a nerve in my frame did the warrior shake,  
Though he ranted, and blustered, and called ugly names,  
And the horse at each nostril was breathing forth flames;  
But the man and the beast did not shake me a particle,  
For I knew them at once as "THE LEADING ARTICLE,"  
"Room, lordlings!" as Sir Walter sings,  
Room for a couple of Europe's kings.

Louis Philippe is crowned, but Don Carlos, the hero,  
Has nought on his head save a ragged sombrero;  
But that's not a sceptre of regal command,  
The king of the French has just now in his hand!  
Though the fact is improbable, plainly I scan  
No sceptre it is, but a large warning-pan.

I tell you I'm right! why the deuce should you doubt it?  
Only listen awhile and he'll tell you about it—  
Says Carlos, "To lose thus my kingdom and crown,  
Good cousin, I cannot bear it."

Says Louis, "My throne is no bed of down,

You need not wish to share it:

You're lucky, my lad, to get off with your head;

Just see what last night was stuffed into my bed—

'Tis hard that one can't go to rest but one meets

An "infernal machine" between blankets and sheets.

Yes, Carlos! I found sticking close to my ribs,  
This damnable warning-pan crammed full of squibs!

By very good luck the queen chanced to be out,  
Detained very late at a quality rout."

Says Carlos, "Your talking of routes gives me pain,

Prove a rout we all had when we started from Spain!"

Then says Louis, "My boy, do not go back again."

The kings have passed on—they could not well stay,  
For Mr. O'Connell is coming this way.

Untie the Union, he stretches across  
From London to Dublin, and, ne'er at a loss,

A troubled sea "surging," 'tis water his horse,  
He wags his long tail 'mid an ocean of foam.

There's a shower of volutes, all popular books,  
And a man rushes out, who, to judge by his looks,

Is really astounded, and pleased beyond measure,  
To find in each work intellectual treasure.

One hears what he says—"We're delighted to find  
Mr. Folio has published a novel called 'Mind.'"

'Tis said that the greatest anxiety's shewn  
Among certain persons, who've minds of their own;

To discover who's meant by the Marquess Fitznook;  
We have heard, with surprise, 'tis a certain gay duke.

Now listen again, with a start and a stare,  
Hands stretched out before him, and chamber-broom hair;

He announces a rumour!—"A book's coming out  
That puts an historical crime beyond doubt:"

'Tis said the new work, by Sir Timothy Bobbin,  
Proves the tragical death of, who killed, Cock Robin."

Strange! a glance at the phiz of the speaker declares  
'Tis Folio, the publisher, puffing his wares.

Still the paper spreads out its personified matter;  
And oh! what a rumpus, a row, and a clatter;

There's a dreadful cab accident unseats the driver,  
And the fare's running off without paying a stiver;

There's a gentleman paid by the newspaper press  
At the cost of a penny a line, and no less.

Who has driven a cart from the heart of "the shires"  
To fill the old corners that such news requires,

With three old women, and three old men,  
All older than threescore years and ten,

Whose ages united (including, of course,  
The age of the driver, the cart, and the horse,

If you toss in the little dog running before),  
Will amount to six hundred years and more.

There's a pickpocket dressed like a Regent Street dasher,  
"Prigging the wiper" of a worthy "hell-smasher,"

Who sees his swell cousin put under the pump, he,  
Forgetting the coin that he deals out for "stumpy."

There's a violent row, in which every one's right;  
Six men with their coats off, but no one will fight.

And an unlucky publican, quite in a fright,  
Is indicted for opening his mouth—late at night.

But now for advertisement—see what a score  
Are jostling to rush from the printing-house door.

There's an old woman anxious to purr with a "caul,"  
"Warranted genuine, though it looks small."

Her son being "in trouble" and likely to die,  
Has no further use for it,—who wants to buy?

There's Mr. Smith dragging a porter along,  
Such a chest on his shoulders—"Is well he is strong!"

And further, to load the poor wretch, I declare,  
On the top is a stool, with three legs, and a chair;

The whole of the goods being Patrick O'Deney's,  
"If not fetched away, they'll be sold for expenses."

There's an old miser acting a poor errand boy,  
"Who's sure to be turned from his only employ,"

For having, in Holborn, by shocking disaster,  
Lost two five-pound notes that belong to his master.

Who'er will return them this poor lad will thank:  
Nota bene—The notes are both stop at the Bank."

"No piracy!" cries a sea-captain,—don't think  
'Tis that piracy under a flag black as ink,

Or yet of Red Rover, the scourge of the seas;  
Ah, no, my good sirs, it means neither of these,

But pray do not pirate the gentleman's Teas.  
Now, old women, led by a tea-leaf-green spectre,

Cry out, "Ha' sum tea, just as if we were neetier;



And they drink till a few have begun to complain,  
That their "nerves will be never worth twopence again,"  
When a gentleman dressed in full mourning, like Kemble  
Performing in Hamlet, exclaims, "Do not tremble!"  
And catching an old woman just as she faints,  
Declares he will conquer her "nervous complaints;"  
For he's skilled in such cases, and knows what to do,  
Having cured himself—nearly—of the *doulooureux*.  
Then oh! what a crowd of warts cry aloud;  
Fifty young persons, by no means proud,  
Who have no objection to travel:  
There are twenty housemaids all of a row,  
With sixteen barmaids,—a beautiful show,  
And these at nothing cavil.  
There's a fusticky cook, with a very red face,  
Who bawls in my ear, "Sir, I'm wanting a place;  
Fifteen guineas a-year, will you take us?  
I'll tell you what I have in view,  
An elderly gentleman, just like you,  
And the dinners all done at the *bak'us*."  
Keep her off! keep her off! don't let her come nigher,  
Her cheeks are red hot with Saint Anthony's fire;  
I want to look at those placards they raise  
To give us a hint of this evening's plays.  
Cook! cook! you've set me all in a blaze!  
And so she had,—or so I thought,—  
For the flare of the candle my paper had caught;  
And the columns had tumbled into columns of flame,  
For 'twas blazing from title to printer's name;  
And I'd scorched my wig, and my breeches were burnt  
In one or two places, and all I had learnt,  
Amid all this dreaming, and flaming, and vapour,  
Was never again to nap over the paper.

R. J.

## MOTHER, COME BACK!

"MOTHER, come back!" This is the cry  
When some rare pleasure fills my heart,  
When laughing Joy lights up my eye,  
And impulse wakes with throbbing start.  
I know thou would'st exult to see  
The flash of sunshine on my track;  
And faithful memory clings to thee  
With burning words,—Mother, come back!  
Tidings, perchance, may reach my ear,  
Cold, false, and bitter in their tone;  
Till the low sigh and falling tear  
Burst from a spirit sad and lone.  
Then do I breathe in accents wild,  
With heartstrings stretched on feelings' rack,  
Thou who didst ever love thy child  
With changeless faith,—Mother, come back!  
Faint languor shades my drooping face,  
My pulses flutter swiftly weak;  
The fading lily takes its place  
And hides the rose-leaf on my cheek.  
Then do I call upon thy name,  
When stranger hands support my brow;  
My pining soul still asks the same,  
"Mother, come back! I need thee now!"  
When Fortune sheds her fairest beams,  
Thou art the missing one I crave;  
I ask thee, when the whole world seems  
As dark and cheerless as thy grave,—  
I ask, but with a dreamer's brain,—  
For no,—ah no! it cannot be,  
Thou'lt never come to me again,  
But, Mother, I will come to thee.

ELIZA COOK.

## SKETCHES.

## OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

A PARAGRAPH having appeared in a Sunday paper, reprehending the lord-mayor for preventing carriages and all other vehicles driving past churches on Sunday, during Divine service, we are reminded of former times. Thus—James the First published a "Book of Sports,"\* by which the populace were tolerated to exercise certain recreations and pastimes on the Sabbath-day—such as, dancing round the May-pole, drinking, and every kind of debauchery; and all parochial incumbents were

\* On the 10th of May, 1643, this book was burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside, in pursuance of an ordinance in both houses, by which all persons having any of the said books in their hands were required to deliver them forthwith, to be burnt according to order.

enjoined to read the same in their respective churches, on pain of the king's displeasure: so much so, that those who would not consent to read this book were brought into the High Commission, imprisoned, and suspended. This new encroachment upon the Sabbath gave both king and people more liberty to profane the day with authority. For if the court had occasion to remove on Monday, the king's carriages must go out the day before—all times were alike to the king. The court being about to remove to Theobalds\* the next day, the carriages of the king went through the City on Sunday, with a great clatter of noise, during the time of Divine service. Notwithstanding the license given by this Book, the then lord-mayor (Sir George Bolles) had the courage to order the king's carriages to be stopped as they were driving through the City during church-time. This threw James into a great rage, as he "vowed that there had been no more kings in England but himself." He issued a warrant to the lord-mayor, commanding him to let the carriages pass, with which the prudent magistrate complied, saying, "While it was in my power I did my duty, but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey."

## JACK SHEPPARD.

As the exploits of the above celebrated character are nightly attracting many thousands of her majesty's lieges, it may not be unsatisfactory to some of our readers to give a few extracts from the periodicals of the day in which our hero flourished.

The "British Journal" of 28th November, 1724, has the following:—

"I do not remember any felon in this kingdom whose adventures have made so much noise as Sheppard's. He was for a considerable time the common subject of conversation. I have seen six or seven different histories of his life; and several copper-plates, representing the manner of his escape out of the condemned hold, and the castle in Newgate; besides other prints of his effigies. The principal of these last was a mezzotinto,† done from the original picture painted by Sir James Thornhill; on which occasion the following stanzas were printed, and appeared in the 'British Journal' of the date above stated:—

\* Thornhill, 'tis thine to gild with fame  
Th' obscure, and raise the humble name;  
To make the free elude the grave,  
And Sheppard from oblivion save.  
Though life in vain the wretch implores,  
An exile on the furthest shores,  
Thy pencil brings a kind relieve,  
And bids the dying robber live.

\* The great Lord Burleigh built a magnificent seat here, where he entertained Queen Elizabeth; twelve several times—each visit cost from two to three thousand pounds, as she remained generally from four to five weeks at a time. His silver plate was from fourteen to fifteen thousand pounds in weight; and the value was forty-two thousand pounds sterling, which (besides the fashion of it) exceeded that possessed by any other nobleman. He devised his seat to his youngest son, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. James the First, paying a visit there, was so delighted with the place, that he gave him Hatfield Regis in exchange for Theobalds. In the civil war it was plundered—it being the place whence Charles the First set out to erect his standard at Nottingham. Charles granted the manor to George Monck, duke of Albemarle, but it reverted to the crown for want of male issue; and King William the Third gave it to the Earl of Portland; from whom it descended to William Henry, third duke of Portland, 1806, who sold it to George Prescott, Esq.; by which proprietor the park was converted into farms; and the small remains of the house being demolished in 1765, a building lease was granted, and a family mansion was erected on another part of the estate, which is now the residence of Sir George B. Prescott.

† This is the likeness, we believe, so finely and faithfully preserved throughout the illustrations by G. Cruikshank.

: "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

This piece to latest time shall stand,  
And shew the wonders of thy hand;  
Thus former masters grac'd their name,  
And gave egregious robbers fame.  
Appelles Alexander drew,  
Cesar is to Arelus due,  
Cromwell in Lilly's works doth shine,  
And Sheppard, Thornhill, lives in thine."

Sheppard was even thought a proper subject for the stage. Mr. Thurwood then contrived a pantomime entertainment, called "Harlequin Sheppard: a night-scene in grotesque characters." It was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. The scenes were painted from the real places of action.

Then a farce of three acts was printed, under the title of "The Prison Breaker; or, the Adventures of John Sheppard." This was never acted at any of the theatres; but after it had lain a long while neglected, it was intermixed with songs and catches at Bartholomew Fair, by the name of "The Quaker's Opera."

And what is yet more singular, Jack's adventures have been spiritualised in the pulpit, as related by a witness, whose words we repeat:—

"One Sunday evening," said he, "as I was returning home from t'other end of the town, I somehow missed my way, and, passing by a porch, I heard the sound of a preacher's voice, upon which I turned back and stepped in. He was pretty near the conclusion of his sermon; what I heard was so small a part, and so remarkable, that I believe I can repeat it almost verbatim. These were his words, or at least to this effect:—

"Now, my beloved, what a melancholy circumstance it is, that men should shew so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years; and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! Oh, what care, what pains, what diligence, and what contrivances, are made use of, and laid out upon, these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay; when, alas! the nobler part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concerns, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it! We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor well known by the name of Jack Sheppard! What amazing difficulties he has overcome!—what astonishing things he has performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass hardly worth hanging!—how dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chains with a crooked nail—and how manfully he burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong doors of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison, and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel!—how intrepidly did he descend from the top of the turner's house—and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door! Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!—mistake me not, brethren, I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense—for I purport to spiritualise these things. What a shame it would be if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains, and employ as many deep thoughts, to save our souls, as he did to preserve his body! Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to

the leads of Divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility, so shall you come to the door of deliverance, from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

#### SECRET SOCIETIES OF GERMANY.

The Report of the Central Committee of the German Diet upon the Machinations of the German Revolutionists since 1830, discusses the agitation occasioned by the revolution of July; revolutionary press; foundation and progress of the "Patriotic Union;" history of the "Association of Students" (Burschenschaften), until the meeting of Burschen, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; "Armenians and Germans;" meetings of Burschen; feast of Hambach (27th of May, 1832); meeting of Schöppmann at Neustadt-on-the-Hardt; consequences of the feast for the instigators; Rauschenblatt and Venedey, commissioners; progress of the revolutionary spirit; resolutions of the Diet (June 28th and July 5th, 1832), and intrigues of the faction to create an opposition to those resolutions; removal of the central committee of the "Union of the Press" to Frankfort-on-the-Maine; revolutionary plots in the summer of 1832; military conspiracy of Koseritz, in Wurtemberg; correspondence with the revolutionists in France; occurrences anterior to the plot of April; understanding between bookseller Frankh, Dr. Gurtz, and Koseritz (his journey of inspection, projects; Frankfort chosen as the place of their execution); report of the Burschenschaften; meeting of the revolutionists in Wurtemberg; endeavours of Breitenstein to seduce the soldiers of Hesse Homburg; meeting at Grossgartach, 31st of March, 1833; journeys, plans of attack, armaments, previous to the explosion; hesitation respecting the choice of the place for raising the standard of revolt; arrival of the conspirators at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; meeting at Bokenheim (April 2, 1833); projects and preparations to revolutionise at once and simultaneously several states of the Confederation; revolutionary plots, after the riots at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; the union, or alliance of men; intrigues in the Grand Duchy of Hesse; unions at Gießen and Butzbach; "Young Italy;" "Young Germany;" "Young Europe;" projected armed expeditions; intervention of the authorities; continuation of the union.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Tuesday the opera of *Cinderella* was produced here, the heroine by Miss Delcy, a pupil, and we believe the daughter, of Mr. Rophino Lacy. The *débütante* is young, apparently about seventeen or eighteen, girlish, with small features, and a merry, expressive, dark eye. As is too generally the case in England, she has been hurried upon the stage rather prematurely; and, therefore, we must rather speak of her great promise than of her finished performance. She has an organ of great power and compass. The lower and middle notes are excellent, and it was only when she strained her voice to its highest pitch that she became harsh and unpleasant. In the last scene this was peculiarly the case, and she was consequently *encored*! All the rest was good, and we have seldom or never witnessed a *débüt* of one so young, from which we could augur a more brilliant future. A few years of sound cultivation and practice, and Miss Delcy (already well taught and capable of fine execution) bids fair to be one of the chief musical ornaments of our stage. Her acting was graceful and ladylike; and, altogether, she well merited the favourable reception she experienced. Miss Betts and Miss Collett sang in the concerted pieces with much skill and effect. Mr. Frazer was a laudable *Prince*; Mr. Leffler, a laughable *Pompolino*; Mr. Morley, a clever *Dandini*; and Hammond, a humorous *Pedro*. The fairy transformations were capitally done, under the wand of Mrs. Alban Croft (her first appearance); and the whole went off with an *éclat* quite reviving at this theatre, hitherto so indifferently attended.

*Covent Garden.*—There is nothing here but *Love*, except a little *Scandal* once a-week. A farce called *Don't be Frightened*, which seems to

have been a sort of speaking pantomime, was brought out; but, alas for critics who do not write after first or second nights, Bartley, Matthews, Harley, and Meadows, could not, with all their exertions, bring it down to our date! A week is an age for ephemera.

The *Adelphi* is running away with *Jack Sheppard*. Crowds suit pickpockets best, and assuredly they submit to be spoiled nightly here with the greatest good-humour. The piece is capitally acted.

*St. James's.*—A nondescript thing, called a *Lord in Pawn*, was brought out here; and, such is the benevolence of the public, was heard to the end. But there it ended.

#### VARIETIES.

H.B. has issued three more of his effusions, numbered 618, 19, 20; and they shew no falling off in fertility and humour. On the contrary, the first, "An Irish Wake," is one of his most successful hits. The Ministers, O'Connell, the Duke of Wellington, &c., are waking Lord Brougham, who, stretched on his pseudo death-bed, is asking, "What are they saying of the departed?" Lord Melbourne praises his greatness at "a faction-fight;" and every one has some lament for the "funny fellow," &c. The next treats the same subject, representing the Premier and Dan as Friar Tuck and the Sacristan, holding a "devil's mass" on the supposed death of Athelstane (Brougham), who is watching them behind the door. The last is another of the cleverest groups. The great O as a vagabond at a fair, with sticks to throw at others in the ground, topped by the church, crowns, mitres, &c. instead of the usual toys. Lord Melbourne is having a shy at the church; but the Queen, Prince Albert, and others, entertain some apprehension that he may knock down the crown. The attitudes of the figures are excellent.

*£100 Reward.*—The Entomological Society having granted their great medal to the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, for his ingenious application of the High-pressure Steam-engine to the destruction of the small Fire-fly, the Glow-worm, and common House-fly, the Society are authorised by Dr. Hawtrey to offer the above reward for the best plan of applying the more simple and elegant old Block Machinery and Thrashing Machine to the same useful purpose.—N.B. The above Reward is offered in consequence of the Dr. having severely injured himself by the use of his own discovery.

*Masquerade.*—Symptoms of "Life in London" are beginning to display themselves. On Wednesday, Mr. Obbard had his first masquerade at the English Opera House, and it was fully and merrily attended.

*Patent Candle-Extinguisher.*—A very ingenious little instrument, to extinguish candles at any desired time, invented by Mr. Jones of the Strand, has just been submitted to our inspection. It is self-acting, and consists of a small circular tube surmounted by two flaps, which being put open on the candle an inch or half-a-dozen inches down, to the extent intended to burn, collapse when the flame has descended to the extinguisher. It snaps together sharply, and completely fulfils its purpose.

*Statement of Facts relating to Steam Communication with India on the Comprehensive Plan* (pp. 15, Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a warm

\* This *spib* is handing about in consequence of the Master of Eton having expelled some offender or offenders, for letting off *spibs* on Guy Faux' day. Surely the "old black" alluded to, would have been a more consistent punishment for such an offence.—Ed. L.G.

remonstrance by "James Barber, Agent to Bengal Steam Committee," in which he censures the East India Company for not adopting a plan for intercourse with all the Indian Presidencies by steam, instead of employing partial and inefficient means of conveyance. The subject is one of deep interest to a large proportion of the community, as well as to England and her colonies; and, in these days, we should think it would hardly need a pamphlet to enforce the expediency of doing every thing possible to perfect this important intercourse.

*The Rector's Progress*, by Clericus, No. 1. is acknowledged. Another to the mass of the imitations of "Boz" which have of late inundated the press; and, from its mistaking the coarse and dirty for humour, we are inclined to think not likely to rival "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby."

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Discourses on Special Occasions, by the late Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester, with a Sketch of his Life and Character by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.—By Dr. Johnston, a History of the British Sponges and Corallines.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Henry of Guise; or, the State of Blois, by G. P. R. Jones, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Post by Mrs. Bodley, Author of "Sketches in the Pyrenees," with Illustrations, 8vo. 21s.—Yorkshire Kalendar, or Pocket-Book with Almanack and Diary, fcap 8vo. 4s. roan tuck: 2s. 6d. common; 3s. cloth.—Illustrations to "Nicholas Nickleby," by P. Palette, 8vo. 3s.—History of England, Vol. VII. by a Clergyman, with Index (completing the works), 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Church Catechism of Rome, translated by Rev. R. J. McGhee, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Letters on Episcopacy, &c. &c. by the Rev. A. Boyd, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The History of England, by T. Keightley, 3 vols. 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—The Clouds and Peace of Aristophanes, in English Prose, 8vo. 6s.—On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science, by J. Fy Smith, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Medical Etiquette, by A. Banks, Esq. fcap. 3s. 6d.—Giusea, a Tragedy, 8vo. 5s.—The Enunciations of Euclid's Elements, 24mo. 3s.—All the New Rules, by J. Jervis, 4th edition, 8vo. 16s.—A Gift from Fairy Land; Tales and Legends, post 8vo. 12s.—A Translation of Part II. of Goethe's Faust, with other Poems, by L. J. Bernays, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Friends of Fontainebleau, by Miss Burdon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Preferment; or, my Uncle the Earl, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, by J. Jahn, D.D. 3d edition, 8vo. 12s.—Classical and Archaeological Dictionary of the Nations of Antiquity and the Middle Ages, by P. A. Nuttall, L.L.D. 8vo. 16s.—The Complete Works of Bishop Hall, 12 vols. 8vo. 74s.—History of Russian Literature, by Dr. F. Otto, translated from the German by G. Cox, M.A. 8vo. 12s.—Bishop Burnett's History of his Own Times, illustrated with Fifty-one Portraits, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 22s.—The Liturgy of the Church of England, for Children, by Mrs. Maddock, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—W. Davis on Infant-Baptism, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Poor-Law Amendment Act, by S. R. Bosanquet, 12mo. 6s.—Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art, &c. translated by J. Black, 3 vols. fcap. 12s.—Doctrines and Duties, or Faith and Practice, by T. B. Ribbins, fcap. 3s.—Observations on Yaws, Leprosy, Tetanus, &c. by J. Maxwell, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Barrow Diggers, with Illustrations, 4to. 10s.—The Sure Word of Prophecy, by the Rev. F. Fyfe, 8vo. 3s.—Caleb in the Country, a Story, by Jacob Abbott, 32mo. 1s.—De Forquière's Italian Phrase-Book, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Arabian Nights' Entertainments, translated by Edward Forster, royal 8vo. 12s.—The Child's Book of Zoology, by J. H. Fennell, square, 3s. 6d.—India, and Indian Missions, by the Rev. A. Duff, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Rev. J. Grierson's Treatise on the Lord's Supper, fcap. 3s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 7	From 42 to 53	29.58 stationary.
Friday .. 8	45 .. 54	29.61 to 29.62
Saturday .. 9	45 .. 53	29.58 .. 29.42
Sunday .. 10	47 .. 53	29.54 .. 29.12
Monday .. 11	46 .. 51	29.13 .. 29.27
Tuesday .. 12	38 .. 53	29.33 .. 29.45
Wednesday 13	40 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.93

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 11th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.  
Rain fallen, 4 in an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. D. S." hints shall be attended to.  
"R. B. S." There is a note addressed at our office.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND AND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, founded A.D. 1815, on the Original Basis of the London Equitable.

Head Office, No. 5 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.  
Present Accumulated Fund, upwards of £945,000. Annual Revenue, upwards of £100,000. Whole Profits belong to the Assured. Divisible every Seven Years.

President.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery.

Vice-Presidents.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.

The Hon. Lord Moncreiff.

The Right Hon. the Lord Justice General.

The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton.

(All of whom, as well as the Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, are permanently connected with the Society by Assurance of more than three years' standing.)  
The Surplus Profits ascertained at 31st December last were sufficient to secure—

1. A Retrospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, or 14 per cent. for the Septennial Period, not only on the original sum assured, but likewise on the Bonus additionally previously declared.

2. A Contingent Prospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, to be paid from after 31st December last, on all Policies of five years' standing that may emerge before 31st December 1845, when the next Investigation, and consequent Declaration of Bonus, takes place.

The Directors are authorised, by a by-law of the Society, passed in 1827, to grant Loans to Members on the security of their Policies (without any expense except the Stamp for a Promissory Note), to the extent of the cash value of their calculated value at the time. They are likewise empowered to allow Members to commute their Bonus-Additions; i.e. to have their Bonus applied towards reduction of their future Annual Premiums.

Thus, for example,—

A, in the year 1840, being then forty years of age, insured his life for £1000, paying an annual premium of £400 5 0. He is now fifty-nine years of age, and has an actually vested Bonus or Addition, declared and attached to his Policy, of 1055-18, which, with the original sum assured, equals £2055 18 0, the full amount of the sum presently contained in the Policy to be—£4055 18 0.

Were A to die in 1845, after payment of his premium for that year, the sum payable under the Policy would be—£4600 11 9.

Or, if it were an object to him to reduce his present Annual Contributions, he might, by giving up his Bonus, reduce his future premium from £400 to £200.

Or, if he preferred receiving the present value of his Bonus, he would, by surrendering it, be entitled to a sum of—£4055 18 0.

If he were desirous at present of having a loan on his policy, he might borrow to the extent of—£1400 0 0.

The above example will probably be admitted to be perfectly sufficient to show, in a practical point of view, the great benefits to be derived by parties insuring with this office.

The Directors are at all times ready to entertain Proposals for Loans, either on Redeemable Annuity, or on first Heritable Security. Every information on this or any other subject connected with the Society may be obtained on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Head Office in Edinburgh, or to any of the Society's Agencies.

JOHN MACKENZIE, Manager.

Edinburgh, 5 St. Andrew Square.

N.B.—Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposals to meet any particular contingency, or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them; and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

Agencies in England—

London.—Hugh M. Rogers, 7 Pall Mall West.

Bristol.—Geo. Rogers, Horton Road.

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Leeds.—William Ward, attorney.

Liverpool.—Arthur L. Bouverie &amp; Co. Exchange Street East.

Manchester.—The Bootlethman, jun. Cross Street, King Street.

Newcastle.—Charles Bertram, 15 Sandhill.

NEW BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

NEW BOOKS TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

**THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY,**  
from the Birth of Christ to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 2 vols. 8vo.

**HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME,**  
Church and State, during the 16th and 17th Centuries. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke. 2 vols. 8vo.

**THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM FITZ-JOHN EARL OF CHATHAM.**  
The Third and Fourth Volumes, completing the Work.

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THE AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

**HISTORICAL ELOGE OF JAMES WATT.** By Mr. Arago. Translated from the French, with additional Notes, by James Patrick Mathew, Esq. M.A. With a Portrait. 8vo.

**THE FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. H. H. MILMAN,** with Preface and Notes by the Author, a Portrait, and other Illustrations. Uniform with the Works of Scott, Crabbe, Southey, &c. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

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John Murray, Albemarle Street.

## CHARGE delivered to the CLERGY of the DIOCESE OF EXETER.

By the Right Rev. HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER,  
At his Triennial Visitation, in the Months of August, September, and October, 1835.  
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Shortly will be published, in 1 vol. oblong folio, Outlines to illustrate a Moral Algebra, entitled,  
**THE FIGHT OF FREEWILL.**

By R. WESTMACOTT, Jun. A.R.A. F.R.S.  
John Mitchell, Bookseller and Publisher to Her Majesty,  
35 Old Bond Street.

Immediately will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**THE FREIGHT: A NOVEL.**

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Authors of "The Heiress," "The Merchant's Daughter,"  
"Nan Darrell," &c. &c.  
T. and W. Hoone, 20 New Bond Street; Oliver and Boyd,  
Edinburgh.

**MAJOR HORT'S NEW WORK,**  
THE ROCK, will be published on Monday next, with numerous Drawings, illustrative of Gibraltar, taken on the spot by Lieutenant Lacey, in a beautiful printed 4to volume, price 2l. 5s.; dedicated, by express permission, to Her Majesty.

Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

On January 31st will be published, price 1s. handsomely printed in medium 8vo, the First Number of  
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Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.  
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On the 30th instant will be published, in 2 Vols. demy 8vo. price One Guinea, bound in cloth, a new edition of  
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**THE SAME WORK, with TWENTY-FOUR PORTRAITS,**  
in 2 Vols. royal 8vo. price Two Guineas.

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**NEW GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL**

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London: B. Fellows; J. G. F., and J. Rivington; Duncan and Malcolm; E. Hodgson; G. Lawford; J. M. Richardson; J. Bohn; J. Bain; R. Hodgson; J. Dowling; G. and A. Greenland; F. C. Westley; J. Fraser; L. A. Lewis; James Bohn; Capes and Co.; J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge; and J. H. Parker, Oxford.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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By JAMES GRANT,  
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